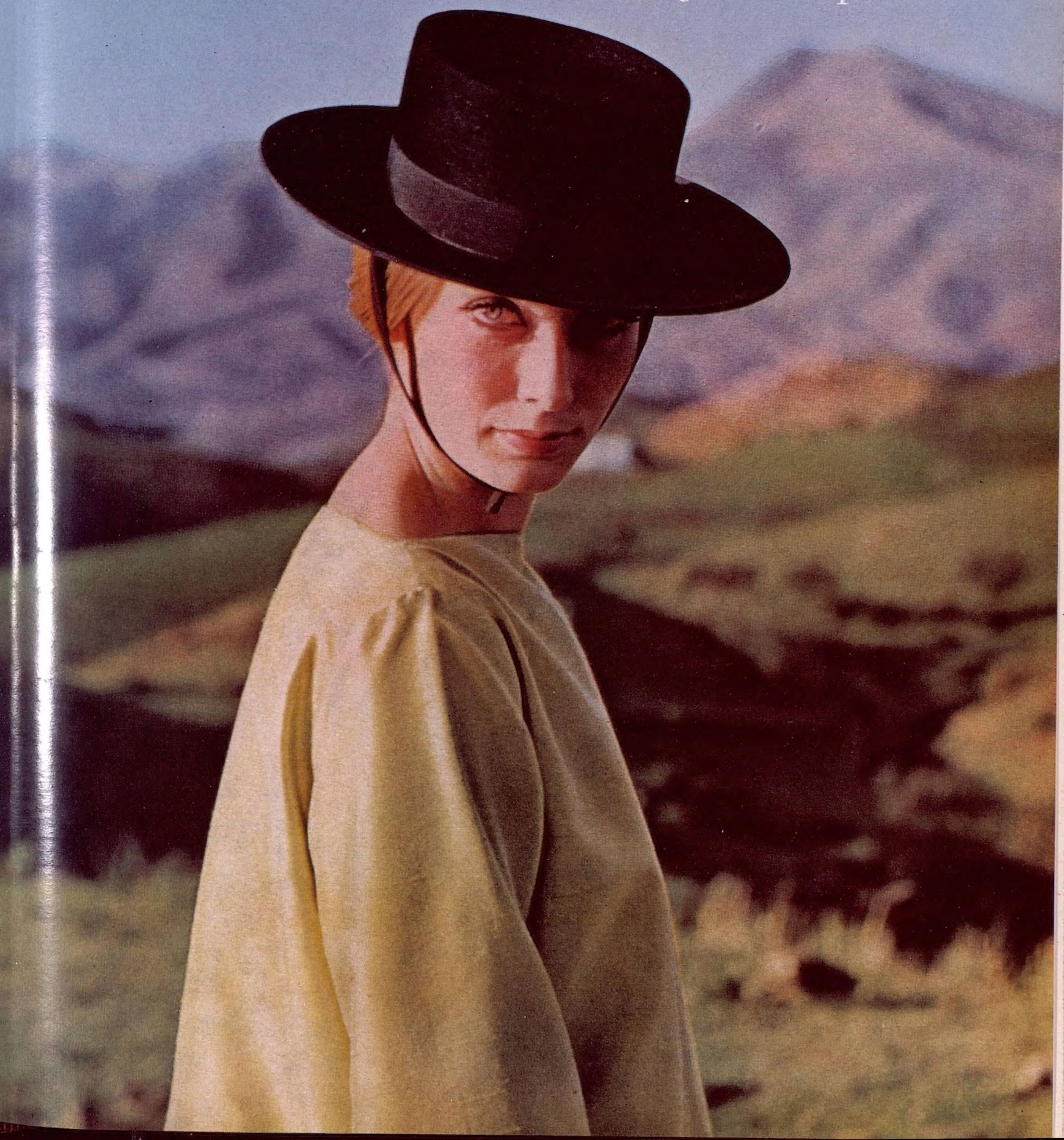




THE Tatler

& Bystander 2s.6d. weekly 25 April 1962





Painted by Keith Grant

Shell guide to SHETLAND



The Shetland Islands, or Zetland, sea county of a twenty-four-hour summer day, of cliffs, stacks, sounds and voes, or rocky inlets, into which the sea-trout come when the returning tide reverses the seaweed. This is a crofters' county, where the crofters, like their ancestors, add fishing to farming and sheep-rearing. They remember their Norse forebears, the Shetlands having been Viking settled and Norwegian from the early ninth century till 1409, when they became Scottish as pledge for the dowry—still unpaid—of Princess Margaret of Denmark and Norway, when she married James III. But the Shetlanders have other blood as well, blood of Bronze Age settlers and of the men who built the brochs. Here the picture combines the Broch of Mousa (1) and the later wheel-houses (2) alongside what is left of the broch at Jarlshof. Brochs were tower-houses raised by late Iron Age farmer-fishers from Cornwall and the south-west of England, in the first century A.D. Later Celts (second and third centuries A.D.) built the wheel-houses. Later came the Vikings, and the bearded man of the foreground is a Viking, whose features were scratched on a stone slab (3) excavated at Jarlshof. Other objects are a Viking comb (4), a bowl and a brooch (5) from St Ninian's treasure hoard of local manufacture of about the eighth century, a Shetland knitted pullover (6), with the pattern of the Tree of Life, a spinning wheel (7), one of the small Shetland boats of the high-sterned kind (8) derived from Norway, and one of the wooden collars (9) worn by sheep to prevent them straying through the fences (leaning against a stack of peat). Above the wheel-houses flies an Arctic Tern (10). Beyond them swim and leap a school of White-sided Dolphins (11), the characteristic dolphin of the Shetlands.

The "Shell Guide to Wild Life", a monthly series depicting animals and plants in their natural surroundings, which gave pleasure to so many people, is published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd at 7/6. The "Shell Guide to Trees" and "Shell Guide to Flowers of the Countryside" are also available at 7/6 each. On sale at bookshops and bookstalls.

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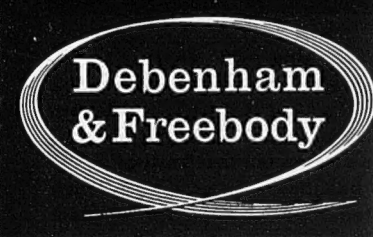
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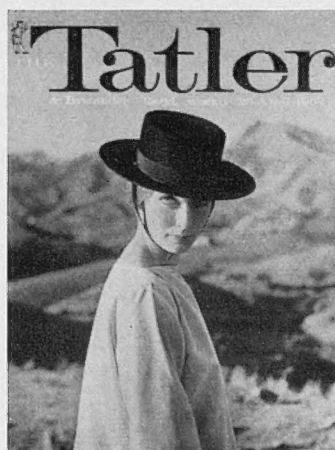
THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s 6d WEEKLY

25 APRIL, 1962

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The setting is Malaga, port of call for fashion editor Elizabeth Dickson who presents a wardrobe of honeymoon and travel clothes in Golden Girl, page 234 onwards. Desmond Russell took the cover picture of the girl in the Spanish hat and pale lime tunic. With the tunic go bell-bottom trousers (not shown) with a flare of pleats instead of turn-ups. By Oriane of Capri at Liberty

Postage: Inland, 41d. Canada, 11d. Foreign, 54d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. Subscription rates: Great Britain and Eire: Twelve months (including Christmas number) £7 14s.; Six months (including Christmas number) £3 19s.; (without Christmas number) £3 15s.; Three months (no extras) £1 18s. Corresponding rates for Canada: £7 1s., or 20 dollars, 50 cents; £3 12s. 6d., or 10 dollars, 50 cents; £3 8s. 6d., or 10 dollars; £1 14s. 6d., 5 dollars. U.S.A. (dollars) 22.50; 11.50; 11.00; 5.75. Elsewhere abroad: £7 18s. 6d.; £4 1s.; £3 17s. 6d.; £1 19s.

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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

State Visit of President Sukarno of Indonesia. Reception and lunch at Guildhall, 9 May.

Pied Piper Ball, Hyde Park Hotel, 10 May, in aid of the N.S.P.C.C. (Tickets, inc. supper, £2 15s., from Lady Ogilvy, N.S.P.C.C., Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2. GER 2774.)

Royal Windsor Horse Show, Home Park, Windsor, 10-12 May.

England Ball, Grosvenor House, 15 May, in aid of the preservation of rural England. (Tickets, 2½ gns. inc. supper, from the chairman, Mrs. G. Langley Taylor, 38 Albert Hall Mansions, S.W.7. KEN 6168.)

Golf: Curtis Cup Trials, Hallamshire Golf Club, Sheffield, 18-19 May.

Glyndebourne Festival Opera opens at Glyndebourne, Sussex, 21 May.

West of England Ladies Kennel Club Show, Boddington Manor, Glos, 27-28 April.

Greyhound Grand National, White City Stadium, 28 April.

Easter Egg Ball (for 11-17 year olds), Kensington Town Hall, 30 April, 7-11 p.m., in aid of the Family Welfare Association. (Tickets, 17s. 6d. inc. refreshments, from Mrs. James Coleridge, Family Welfare Association, 8 Kensington Park Road, W.11.)

Dress Show, the Mansion House, 5.30 p.m., 1 May, in aid of the Invalid

Children's Aid Association. (Tickets, I.C.A.A., 4 Palace Gate, W.8.)

2,000 Guineas, Newmarket, 2 May.

Red Hat Ball, Grosvenor House, 3 May, in aid of Oxford University Clubs. (Tickets, £2 10s. inc. dinner, from Miss Georgina Butcher, Greyfriars, Icy House Wood, Oxted, Surrey. Oxted 2162.)

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition preview, Burlington House, 4 May.

OVERSEAS EVENTS

Queen Juliana's Silver Wedding celebrations in Holland, 1-3 May.

Kentucky Derby, Churchill Downs, Kentucky, U.S.A., 15 May.

Punchestown Races, nr. Dublin, 8-9 May.

International Horse Show, Rome (British team competing), 28 April-6 May.

Royal Dublin Society's Spring Show, Ballsbridge, Dublin, 1-5 May.

Wedding of Princess Sophia of Greece and Don Juan Carlos of Spain, Athens, 14 May.

RACE MEETINGS

Point-to-points: Waveney Harriers, Hethersett; Essex & Suffolk, Higham; Blankney; Sinnington, 28 April. United Hunts, Folkestone, 30 April. Badsworth; Cambridge, Marks Tey, 5 May. Brecon, Gt. Killongh, Llanrhapley, nr. Abergavenny, 3 May.

Flat: Catterick Bridge, today; Redcar, Sandown Park, 27, 28; Hamilton Park, 28 April. **Steeplechasing**: Ludlow, today & 26; Bangor-on-Dee, 27, 28; Sandown Park, 28; Folkestone (United Hunts' meeting), 30 April.

MUSICAL

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden: *La Fille Mal Gardée*, 28 April; *Le Lac Des Cygnes*, 1 & 2 May, 7.30 p.m.; *The Sleeping Beauty*, 5 May, 2.15 p.m. (COV 1066.)



● 16-year-old cellist Jacqueline du Pré will be seen in BBC TV's *Music In Camera on Sunday*. Miss du Pré, member of a Jersey family dating back to the 12th century, has studied with Casals, and was lately presented with a 1672 Stradivarius by an unknown donor. She made her debut as a concert soloist at the Royal Festival Hall last month.

Covent Garden Opera: *Tosca*, 30 April, 5 May (last perfs.); *Madama Butterfly*, 4 May, 7.30 p.m.

Royal Festival Hall: Louis Armstrong & All His Stars, 6 p.m. & 8.45 p.m., 28 April; Shura Cherkassky (piano), 3 p.m., 29 April; Philharmonia Ensemble with George Malcolm (piano), 7.30 p.m., 29 April; Philharmonia Orchestra & Chorus, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf & Gerard Souzay, 8 p.m., 30 April; London Choral Society with Philomusica of London, *Messiah*, 6 p.m., 5 May. (WAT 3191.)

"The Place of Opera in the Artistic Life of the Country," lecture by Norman Tucker, C.B.E., Royal Society of Arts, Adelphi, 2.30 p.m., 2 May. (Tickets, Secretary, R.S.A. TRA 2366.)

ART

International Art Treasures, Victoria & Albert Museum, to 29 April.

Girtin Collection watercolours, Royal Academy, to 29 April.

The Arts Council as Patron, Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square, to 5 May.

David Ross paintings, Assembly House, Norwich, to 28 April.

FIRST NIGHTS

Saville Theatre. *Photo Finish*, tonight. **Royal, Margate**. *Arden of Faversham*, tonight.

Pitlochry Drama Festival. *The Hasty Heart*, tonight.

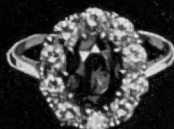
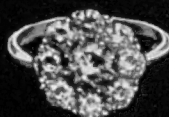
Royal Court Theatre. *Chips With Everything*, 27 April.

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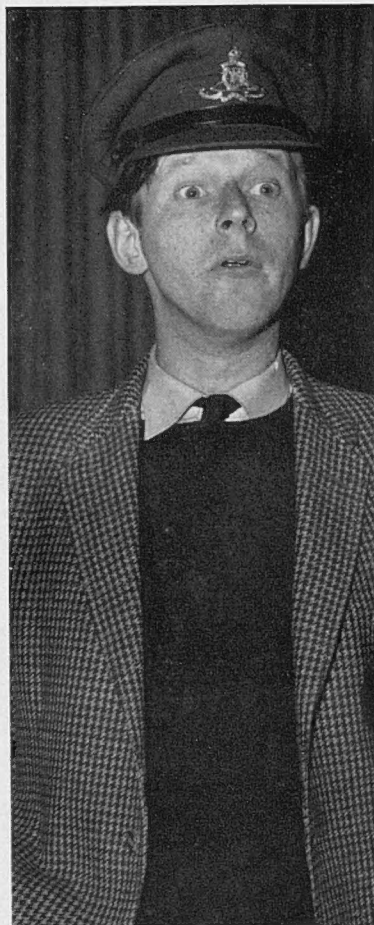
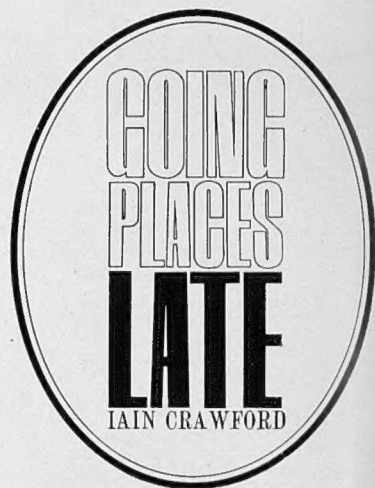


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The higher-ups

LATEST INTO THE SATIRE STAKES is the highest night-club in England, Ilford's **The Room At The Top**. One hundred and ten feet above Ilford's main street barbs are being smelted, moulded and slung by a talented group of young revue artists who have inherited the swift-grown tradition of *Beyond the Fringe*. They have also fallen heir to that revue's producer, William Donaldson, and the most successful publicity stunt



Two impressions of John Wells, schoolmaster-comedian

in cabaret, a young man called John Wells.

Mr. Wells is a revue artist of some talent but a publicist of even more. A schoolmaster at Eton, his appearance in gently risqué cabaret made Fleet Street's arch eyebrows disappear into its hair. Under the title of "Eton Follies" the *Daily Mail* even devoted a leader to him quoting "our critic" (whose review they did not print) as saying the show is "vulgar and crude" and "relied a little too heavily on lavatory humour." It is rare enough for a critic to review a cabaret act, still rarer for his comments to appear in a leader. It only shows what a public school connection can do.

I went out to Ilford expecting a Rabelaisian evening topped off by some of the restaurant's excellent food and drink. The steaks were splendid and the claret magnificent but the revue was a good deal less full-bodied.

If you were not expecting a night of umpteenth-century lampoonery full of frank peasant references, it was agreeably amusing in places. But there is more crude vulgarity within a half-league of Piccadilly Circus than in this frolic, "On the Way To the Top." The satire does not have the bite—or the coterie jokes—of *The Establishment* but it plays round effectively enough with one or two popular targets. There is a talk on General Salan by Monty, the

obligatory Macmillan number, a well-characterized skit on *Tonight* and a splendid piano act by Richard Ingrams, which parodies those broadcasters who will insist on Talking About Music.

There is also Miss Barbara Windsor, all shapely 4 ft. 11 in. of her, a cuddly lapdog of a silver blonde girl who smiles while she bites while she sings. Apart from Miss Windsor, who wiggles through the evening crimson-sheathed, this must be one of the worst dressed shows in London.

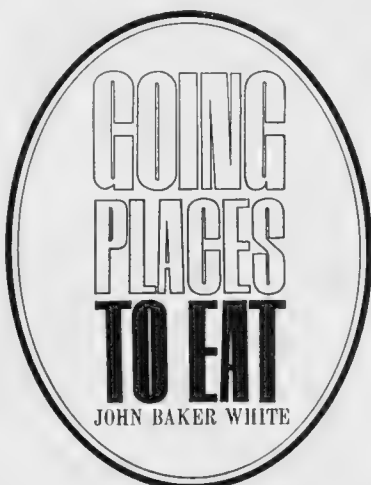
For a *bistro* in a cellar with candles guttering in old Chianti bottles and straw on the floor, crumpled slacks and tatty sports jackets may be passable enough rig for the cabaret boys, but in The Room At The Top's elegant restaurant they looked just plain scruffy. It is possible to be satirical and amusing without looking like Sunday morning at Redbrick by John Osborne. I could see the restaurant manager was longing to ask them to leave. However, on balance, I am glad he didn't.



A new card club, Quent's, has opened at 22 Hill Street, Mayfair, in an old Georgian house. Here in the restaurant is design consultant Alan Sieve, right, under whose direction the house was redecorated in modern style without sacrificing its underlying character. The painting shown is *After Wilson's Reciprocal Forms*

Straight British

IN LONDON TODAY IT IS POSSIBLE to eat a wider variety of foods than at any previous time in my experience. They range from Japanese, Chinese, Malayan, Indonesian and Indian through Greek, Turkish, Austrian and Spanish to West Indian. At the same time, however, the most significant increase over the past year has been in restaurants specialising in straightforward, and largely British, fish and meat cooking, from steak to skate. So far as the restaurants are concerned this development is not entirely disinterested. They have to earn their living, and with Continental chefs expensive and difficult to find it is sound business to run a restaurant offering a limited number of dishes, especially if they come from the



grill. Yet it is obviously what the public want, just as the modern housewife shows a marked partiality for chops, steaks and small joints. Accordingly it is the essentially British and straight meat and fish restaurants that I am going to look at in this article.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 251



She's the girl who wears Silk next to her skin... clinging, glowing, glamorous... Real Silk Face Powder with Silk Tone Foundation and Silk Minute Make-up (she takes it everywhere!) Naturally. Only Silk covers so beautifully, clings so lovingly and lets your skin 'breathe' as it should. Be a Real Silk girl yourself... beautiful!

Helena Rubinstein

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The Lady's View of Killarney Lakes*The shore at Parknasilla, Western Kerry*

The pick of Ireland

I BELIEVE THAT DUBLIN IS THE smallest of Europe's capitals, and certainly, in its quiet Georgian way, it is one of the most charming. Life goes on there in a way that is gay but unhurried; the Irish are obsessed not with the past or the present so much as the abstract. August of course, and Horse Show Week, are Dublin's social peaks, but it is agreeable in late May and June, with a race meeting at Phoenix Park or Leopardstown, and the golden summer light over the yachts at anchor at Dun Laoghaire. It changes slowly, but a change or two is worth noting: the Hibernian, once the quiet Cinderella of hotels, has been beautifully redecorated and now puts on some of the best food in the city; the Russell, whose public rooms have hospitable open fires well into June, remains one of the most chic and also has starry food. I rather enjoy shopping for clothes in Dublin: the shops are small, cosy and selective in what they offer.



A newish place, and rather a coming name in Irish fashion, is Anna Livia on Dawson St. She has Irish tweeds specially dyed to her own colours—I remember some sharp yellows, soft vermilions, and glorious violets—and she also makes suits to measure, including material, for around 30 guineas. American women were thronging the tiny boutique of Fran Fagan, in Duke St., for hand tucked lawn blouses and mohairs which were not expensive.

This emphasized a curiously transatlantic quality that Ireland,

and especially Dublin, seems to possess: an attribute that would strike anybody who knows America outside of New York. Possibly because it has been so slow to develop, Ireland has now some of the newest things: an example, the comfortable motel near Shannon Airport; and Castlerosse Inn, near Killarney, which started life as part of an American syndicate. It is a motel by definition, but on a super luxurious scale, with chintz- and teak-furnished suites that include a kitchenette, bathroom and central heating as well as bureau, bookshelves, and all the etceteras of comfortable private living; an excellent central restaurant, and access to one of Ireland's best golf courses, bordering the shores of Lough Leane.

Of course, one can go to another extreme and stay at a fishing pub well outside the martini belt, such as Jim Egan's at Oughterard, on Lough Corrib; or at Benner's, a simple country hotel with really superb country food, at Tralee; or, way out in the wilds of Achill Island, at the Old Head. I should explain that Achill Island is not an

island at all but a peninsula jutting out from the coast of Co. Mayo. Its charm is its rock-bottom simplicity: the land of those tiny white cottages, scattered like sugar cubes down the mountainside to the sea shore; donkeys and goats ambling, unescorted, through people's back gardens. Some of the most dazzlingly beautiful country in the world on a good day, but of the reverse circumstances I will spare the adjectives, since there is nothing—but nothing—to do. The wilder reaches of Donegal are rather a different matter, in that one has the deliciously comfortable Rosapenna Hotel to stay in, excellent food, and a golf course on the doorstep.

The countryside is purple, pretty and remote, peppered with stony little bars that usually double as grocers' shops from the back parlour. Since the Irish take their drinking perhaps more seriously than we, I have always been baffled as to why they choose to do it in such inhospitable surroundings. But they prove to be inhospitable only in appearance:

*Ashford Castle, Cong, on the shore of Lough Corrib, Co. Galway*

St. Finan's Bay, Co. Kerry

staffed by some of the world's most loquacious barmen, one need never lack for company.

In naming any pick of Ireland, one could never leave out Connemara, perhaps the wildest and most Irish of the lot. Though the hotel at Renvyle, on one of the westernmost tips, was a bit too full of family parties for my own taste, it has one of the most glorious situations imaginable. An alternative is the Zetland Arms at Castle Bay, overlooking a lake dappled with tiny, moss-covered islands. Trout fishing is the *raison d'être* and neither dogs, children, wireless nor TV is encouraged. I stopped only for a drink at Leanne Hotel on Killary Harbour nearby, but thought it attractive; the old house has been newly decorated, bathrooms added, and the management showed a considerable interest in food.

Probably the most luscious of Ireland's beauties is to be found in the south-west area of the Kerry and Glengarriff peninsulas. The former is rich in hotels—the Butlers Arms at Waterville, the Green Southern at Parknasilla;

plus, on its northern shores, the two delightful small hotels at Glenbeigh—Glenbeigh House and the Towers, looking across the water to the hills of Dingle. Here, as around Glengarriff, there are fuchsia hedges, wild rhododendron, great creamy trumpet lilies and even the odd palm tree. A particularly glorious drive is along the north coast from Kenmare, then up through the pass at Hungry Hill, turning back again toward Bantry Bay. Which leads me once again to commend one of my favourite hotels, Ardnagashel House at Ballylickey, just beyond Bantry, because it is the nerve centre from which to tour all the most lovely and remote country in the area. The hotel has great charm, prettily set in a little tree-fronded creek. You may not get a private bath but you will wine and dine superbly: they have an Austrian chef who can go fancy as well as plain. Ballylickey is a couple of hours' drive from Cork, new alternative airport: £16 2s. return; the flight to Dublin, £13 11s. return, Aer Lingus, B.E.A., and Cambrian Airlines.



The Italian Gardens on Garnish Island, Glengarriff



Derrymane Bay, Co. Kerry



MARITAL WRANGLE develops (above) between Sir Laurence Olivier, an alcoholic schoolmaster in *Term Of Trial*, and Simone Signoret, playing her first English-speaking role in a film since *Room At The Top*. Below left: 18-year-old Sarah Miles makes her first screen appearance as a pupil who falls in love with the master. She is seen again (below) with John Dunn Hill, Terence Stamp, Clive Colin-Bowler and Tommy McMullen

GOING PLACES IN PICTURES



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SALUTE TO THE QUEEN MOTHER

THE TATLER
25 APRIL 1962
215



In a crinoline dress of white and aquamarine blue, worn with a white fox fur stole, the Queen Mother arrives at Belfast's City Hall to attend a concert given to celebrate her five-day visit to Northern Ireland. With her is the Lord Mayor of Belfast, Alderman Martin Wallace. Muriel Bowen reports the highlights of the Queen Mother's tour overleaf

From Northern Ireland: racing

At Downpatrick the Queen Mother saw her horse Laffy win the Ulster Harp National



The Marchioness of Dufferin & Ava and her son, the Marquess



Mrs. Peter Cazalet and Lord Glentoran



The Queen Mother's horse Laffy, who won carrying top weight of 12 st., clearing a fence between Moyrath and Court Taster



Left: Lady Clark. Above: Mrs. James Bamber and Mrs. Harold Henry

and a Royal tour

Muriel Bowen reports

WHEN IT COMES TO COPING CHEERFULLY WITH the weather the Irish win every time. On the day that the Queen Mother visited Enniskillen in Northern Ireland's lakeland, new hats, bright spring creations too, were drenched by the hundred but somehow everybody kept on smiling. It's a different attitude of mind altogether over there. "A nice soft morning" was the hotel porter's greeting, though for most tastes it was definitely a day for carpet slippers and a good log fire.

Just how to keep the Queen Mother dry as she went through all those inspections was a worry until somebody remembered that the Royal Ulster Constabulary had ordered two really outsize brollies a couple of years ago. One was produced for the Queen Mother at each inspection. Incidentally, I'm always a little envious of the way Buckingham Palace and Clarence House are never caught out by the weather. An equerry followed the Queen Mother on her travels in Northern Ireland with her waterproofs neatly packed in a plastic bag.

EXCITEMENT IN ENNISKILLEN

It was a proud day for Enniskillen, 350 years a Royal borough. The children waved their Union Jacks and the accents of Donegal and Monaghan (two of the Ulster counties in Eire) rang as excitedly as the rest in the crowds along the streets. The Town Hall, gleaming in fresh pink paint, was the setting for a luncheon, the biggest formal party of the Queen Mother's visit. The guests there included the Governor, Lord Wakehurst & Lady Wakehurst, Mr. & Mrs. H. Kennedy, Major & Mrs. E. W. Montgomery, Lady Kelly, and Mrs. J. Morrell whose hat was still the prettiest even after the rain. The Lord Lieutenant, the Earl of Enniskillen, 86 this year, wasn't expected because of the weather, but like everybody else in the town he wasn't going to miss the royal visit. Also at the lunch were Mr. & Mrs. Brian Faulkner, Mr. & Mrs. H. W. West, Mrs. N. J. Connor, Miss E. Hall, and Lt.-Col. R. G. Grosvenor, M.P., & the Hon. Mrs. Grosvenor.

It kept on raining but the Queen Mother was determined not to miss the lakes; after all they had never stopped telling her about them since she arrived in Enniskillen. With Lt.-Col. Grosvenor in command she set off in the launch Transa. The water was choppy, but a short circuit of one of the lakes enabled the Queen Mother to see the Watergate, and that most famous of Irish public schools, Portora.

VIGILANT BORDERERS

For the Northern Irish a most important part of the tour was the visit to a depot of the Royal

Ulster Constabulary. Enniskillen is a border town, and as such it has borne the brunt of I.R.A. attacks across the past five years. The I.R.A. recently announced that they were disbanding, but sad incidents of the recent past keep the Northern Irish vigilant. All policemen are armed, which is somewhat disconcerting for the tourist especially when they pop up from nowhere and question one's innocent car parking on a country road.

THE GAYEST VISIT

Quite the happiest scene of the visit was the Queen Mother's arrival at Colebrooke, home of Viscount Brookeborough, Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, & Viscountess Brookeborough. It was like a happy family get-together on a Scottish estate—nothing like those orderly lines of people when Birch Grove is open to the public. There must have been the better part of 2,000 school children, the gamekeepers, the estate workers, and the pipe band from the tiny town of Colebrooke ready to strike up their much rehearsed and well chosen party piece, "Scotland the Brave."

A sense of order would have spoiled the spontaneity of it all, but just to keep the Queen Mother's arrival spot clear of excited people the Prime Minister had a megaphone. Then out of the dark skies came the scarlet helicopter of the Queen's Flight and a mighty roar was let loose. Even the welcoming carpet seemed to get caught up in the general whirl of excitement. The wind displaced it and the Queen Mother stepped out happily on the sodden turf.

There was no formality about introductions either, no starched queues but people simply gathered from here and there out of the crowd. First came Lord & Lady Brookeborough's family, Capt. the Hon. John Brooke (a show jumper of great pluck and dash) and his children, Juliana, 12, Alan, 10, Christopher, 8, and Melinda, 4. Then, with the Prime Minister's megaphone tucked away and the whole thing getting even more informal, the head gamekeeper was introduced, a dear-looking old man who had given 39 years' service on the estate. Dinner that night was a small affair of family and friends who included the Earl & Countess of Erne, Capt. Brooke, Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Grosvenor, and in attendance on the Queen Mother, the Hon. Mrs. John Mulholland, Major Sir Ralph Anstruther, Bt., and Capt. Alastair Aird.

FLYING TOUR

The helicopter made it possible for the Queen Mother to keep a crowded list of engagements taking in four of the Six Counties. She found a good pot of China tea in Co. Tyrone at

Lisanelly Camp where she was entertained by the 9/12th Lancers whose commander is Lt.-Col. John Clark Kennedy of Knockgray. It was her first visit to the 9th/12th since they were amalgamated and there were all their new activities to catch up on.

At tea in the mess the Queen Mother chatted with Col. Gerald Grosvenor, the Colonel of the Regiment, & Mrs. Grosvenor. They were over from Cheshire and spending a few days with the Duke & Duchess of Abercorn. She also talked to Mr. Alec Mongomerie, the Army ski champion. A steeplechaser never fails to catch the Queen Mother's eye, and the officers were delighted when she noticed the pictures of three Grand National winners that were ridden by officers of the Regiment.

A ROYAL WIN

The Ulster Harp National at Downpatrick was the last of the Queen Mother's official engagements in Northern Ireland, but that day really belongs to her 'chaser, Laffy, the winner of the big race. The race had a dramatic finish; another horse passed the post a few lengths in front but half of the spectators didn't realize that he had missed two jumps out in the country, and his jockey had been unable to pull him up. As this confusing animal led first time round, many of the audience had missed the all-important announcement by the commentator: "The second horse is really the first horse if you get me."

A mad gallop of excited people made for the unsaddling enclosure when it was announced that Laffy had won. The Marchioness of Dufferin & Ava in the rear got there just as the Queen Mother was leaving. Panting she said: "I have £700 to give you, Ma'am," and with that handed over the winner's cheque.

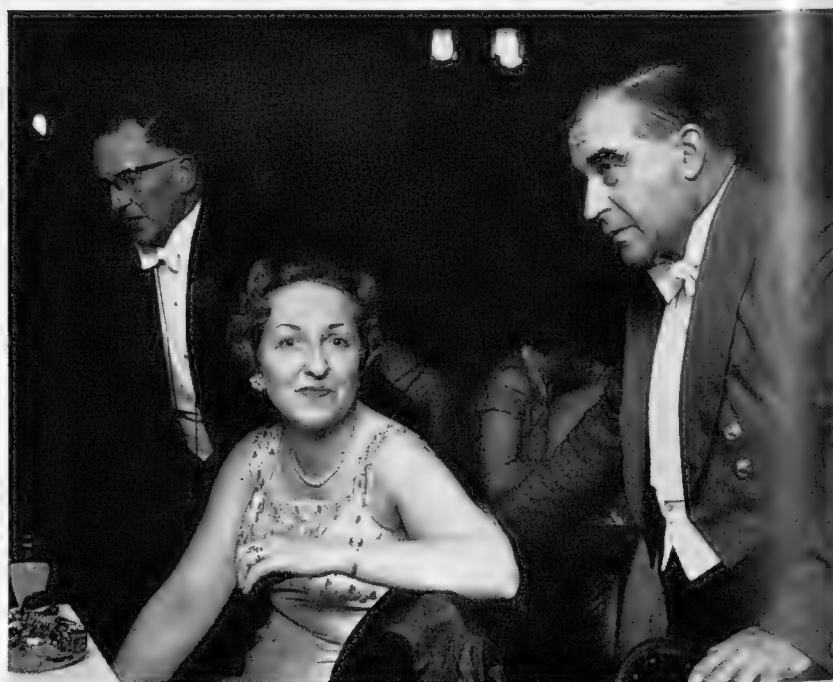
Again the warmth and informality were the things that struck one most. As she walked through the Members' Enclosure the Queen Mother stopped and chatted to people she recognized. There was a special wave for Judge W. E. Wylie, the man who finds her some of her good horses, and who is world famous for his running of the Dublin Horse Show. At Cheltenham Races, hearing that he wasn't well, she sent the Duke of Beaufort to locate him then visited him in a friend's box.

Others racing that day included Lord & Lady Glentoran and Mrs. Peter Cazalet who was staying with them, Cdr. & Mrs. Kenneth Kirkpatrick and their daughter, Diana, Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Roly Byers, Mr. & Mrs. Gay Kindersley (he's to turn the £157,000 Parsonage Farm estate he bought last year into a stud farm and training establishment) and Major & Mrs. John Corbett.

THE HUNT'S LAST BALL



The Mid-Kent Staghounds ended their career with a flourish. After 94 years, electrification of railways in Kent has forced them to close down. But the annual Hunt Ball was not the last occasion on which members and followers met. After dancing at a Maidstone hotel they went home to rest and prepare for their final Point-to-point held the following morning



*Mrs. Arnold Crowhurst and Mr. Jack Gurney, Master of the Tickham Hunt.
Top: Dancing in the night club to the West Indian steel band*



Left: Miss Sally Sherston Baker and Mr. David Ashton-Bostock



Right: Miss Valerie Goad and Captain Robert Bingley

PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN



Above: Mrs. Robin Harvey and Sir Reginald Rootes



Left: Mr. Timothy Rootes and Miss Elizabeth Plunkett-Erne-Erle-Drax



Right: Mrs. Stewart Hunt, M.F.H. of the Surrey Union, and Mr. K. R. Betts, Master of the Mid-Kent Staghounds

VIET-NAM IN S.W.19

The First Lady of Viet-Nam, Madame Ngo Dinh Nhu, was still limping from an injury received when the Viet-Nam President's palace was bombed, when she led a delegation of five Viet-Nam M.P.s to this country. The Ambassador for Viet-Nam held a reception at his Wimbledon home for the delegation



Madame Ngo Dinh Nhu, sister-in-law of the President of Viet-Nam, who led the delegation

Major Gen. & Mrs. W. A. Dimoline. He is the secretary of the Inter-Parliamentary Union, British Group



The Marquess of Lothian



Lord Faringdon and the Viet-Nam Ambassador, Ngo Dinh Luyen

Mrs. Brian Crozier and Mr. Gilbert Longden. Conservative M.P. for S.W. Herts





Mr. J. M. Thomas, M.P. for Conway, and the Marquess of Lansdowne. Both are Parliamentary Under-Secretaries of State

Sir Robert Parkes & Lady Parkes. He is a former British Ambassador to Viet-Nam



COCKTAILS FOR A 21st

Lord & Lady Milne gave a cocktail party for their son George's coming-of-age at Grocers Hall. Lord Milne is a Master of the Grocers Company, the second senior City guild



Miss Nickola Morgan, Mr. John Barratt and the Hon. George Milne for whom the party was given



PHOTOGRAPHS BY
FALCON

Lord & Lady Milne

Miss Jane Brodie & Mr. Michael Cartwright

A TOAST FOR ROSEMARY

Mr. & Mrs. Pat Hunting clink glasses with daughter Rosemary at the cocktail party they gave for her at Londonderry House. Mr. Hunting is chairman of the Hunting group of companies



SPRING ON THE WING

Officers and guests of Transport Command danced at the Spring Ball, held at Lyneham, Wiltshire, the R.A.F.'s airlift station

PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN



Left: *Flt. Lieutenant R. Kennedy and Miss D. A. Hunt.* Below: *Group Captain I. D. N. Lawson, C.O. of the Station, and Mrs. Lawson*



Above: *Air Marshal Sir Denis Barnett, A.O.C., Transport Command, and Lady Barnett.* Right: *Supper in the marquee*





Some off-beat moments in the life of playwright-producer-actor-novelist-scenic designer-wit and raconteur Peter Ustinov photographed by Tom Hustler after the Dublin tryout of his new play *Photo Finish* which has its London premiere at the Saville Theatre tonight

USTINOV

at large



Above left: A cap worn with panache; a suit that's frankly non-descript, a lonely writing table in a Dublin hotel—Ustinov works with the same imperturbability in a crowded room with the radio at full blast. Left: A seat in the stalls at rehearsals for Peter Daubeney, Suzanne and Peter Ustinov, Terry Stamp and Paul Rogers

Rehearsals are serious—so is Ustinov while they last. But between times he rarely resists the impulse to clown as (right) with cast member Amanda Grinling.



Sooner or later everybody has to relax—even Ustinov as (above) matching the Rugger international commentary with deep breathing



Anybody can learn—even Ustinov, listening on stage with Diana Wynyard, Edward Hardwicke and Robert Brown to assistant director Nick Garland



Everybody ages—none more skilfully than Ustinov, making up (left) for his role as 80-year-old Sam Kinsale. Below left: In the last scene of the play Sam meets himself as a month-old baby held by Joan Henley and shudders to contemplate the life that lies ahead for it. Below: Ustinov listens again to Garland



USTINOV QUADRUPLED



Everybody likes to celebrate—especially Ustinov, greeting with a kiss the first arrival in his dressing-room after curtain fall, his wife Suzanne.



Everybody likes to read the critics—Ustinov no less. Here on the morning after with Ilse Suchanek, Terry Stamp

THE DRAUGHT FOR THE DISH

FRANCE

With southern recipes, such as ratatouille and bouillabaisse—accepting the fact that you must put up with a British translation of this kind of thing if the chef has to play safe with garlic and saffron—I like the Languedoc wines, which are inexpensive and meant to be knocked back in generous gulps. With all the fish recipes, though, you can follow the smart French, who drink Muscadet, or there is a dry white wine from the Dordogne, called Panisseau, or one from Gaillac, in the Tarn, which all cost around half a guinea and are clean, dry and definite enough in taste to go well with courses involving aioli or fish grilled over sticks of fennel. Slightly more expensive and deserving a bit more consideration are the Rhône wines—it's often forgotten that these may be white as well as red. White Hermitage is a good robust wine for around 12s. 6d., and there's a white wine from Bandol called Château Milhière that is rather more light and delicate for a little under £1. For red wines to go with the delicious stews and mixtures of aubergines, courgettes, peppers we all revel in, there are the red Languedoc wines, very cheap—or you could try a Moroccan wine if you can be sure of its quality. For around 6s. they are definite value. The soft, full-bodied Château Roubaud, from the Costières du Gard costs just over 8s., and, from the Rhône, the popular Châteauneuf du Pape and Hermitage are around 15s. If you want to be madly regional, you might have a glass of Muscat de Frontignan, chilled, either with your fruit or sweet, or—maybe with some soda—as an apéritif.



It sounds nice and tidy to proclaim “drink the wine of the country with the food,” but as food and drink are rather like people in that you can't fit them neatly into compartments, this sort of statement at the beginning of an article can lead to desperate recommendations like partnering a mysterious Balkan peasant stew with a Yugoslav Riesling purely on the grounds of geographical propinquity. And again, some wines that slip deliciously down in the country of origin can be strange and disappointing in our climate, especially in conjunction with anglicized versions of the national dishes. We are fortunate, however, in that we import such a tremendous variety of wines that, even outside the range of the classic wines from France and Germany, there's usually a similar style of wine on sale here to match a highly regional or national type of dish. An easy way out of the whole thing—and one beloved of the writers of advertisements—is to advocate drinking rosé—“goes with anything”—or a sparkling wine. As regards rosé, I feel that if the food it is served with is pronounced in flavour, then inevitably the best rosé is swamped, which is a pity. And, much as I love sparkling wines—when good—I am positive that to consume them throughout the kind of meal that includes quantities of beans, rice, pasta and highly spiced meats—all very regional—is simply inviting discomfort. Therefore leave the sparklers as apéritifs or to serve with the sweets, and the rosés with the cold cuts. Most good wine merchants, including the multiples, will have some of the wines mentioned in the columns alongside and Kettner's and Peter Dominic both have a very large selection.



CHINA

I often drink tea with Chinese food, but if you want wine, I'd recommend the slightly prickly “green wine” of Portugal, white Lagosta, which comes in a practical half-litre-sized bottle. It's light and refined, but stands up to things like sweet-sour pork better than anything in a hock bottle. And the price is reasonable—around 10s. retail, if you're eating in the kind of restaurant where you can take your own bottle.

THE BALKANS

Though slightly nationalised versions of all classic dishes are to be found in good restaurants of a Balkan character, some of the best-known recipes tend to be spicy or piquant. This means that a dry, crisp wine will set off the richness and refresh the palate and some of the white wines of this kind are good and cheap. There are the Yugoslav Riesling and Sylvaner for about 8s. 6d., the Bulgarian Grozden Riesling a little cheaper, and the Hungarian Balatoni Riesling nearly 10s. There are also red wines from these three countries, which some might prefer with, say, a goulash or any of the savoury variations on stew, especially with dumplings; and you can drink red or white with things such as paprika chicken. Bulgarian Trakia is a fairly light red wine, Gamza more full-bodied, the Hungarian red best-known is Bull's Blood—dry and a bit rasping to taste—and the red Yugoslav wine I have tried has the difficult name of Cabernet Brda, fairly light and soft. These all cost around 10s. Sweet wines are much liked in the Balkans; you could try the Yugoslav Tiger Milk with a pudding (about 9s.) or the more famous Hungarian Tokay, which can cost nearly 20s. There is also a fairly dry version—not as dry as the natives may try to persuade you it is, but good with some of the spicy dishes; just as game and rich foods can mate surprisingly well with the odd glass—no more, in my opinion—of one of the big Sauternes. But if you do this kind of thing you must be prepared sometimes to find a combination of wine and food that really *isn't* to your taste!





Compiled by Pamela Vandyke Price
Illustrated by Tessa Grimshaw



ITALY

If the owner of the restaurant you visit is Italian, ask what he drinks himself—the variety of Italian wines is too great to summarise. But it's worth knowing that the sort of Chianti drunk in Italy for special occasions has often an infinitesimal prickle to it, though the British market is said to prefer its Chianti quite smooth. Barolo is one of the quality red wines, full, with refinement and fragrance, and I also greatly like the softer Valpolicella from Verona, both costing around 13s. when bottled in Italy. Of the white wines, Orvieto, for around 10s. London-bottled, is full and flavoury, Soave, from Verona, really excellent, costing a little more when estate-bottled, and there's a curious, very dry, almost mineral wine from the Adriatic coast, called Verdicchio, which usually comes in most elegant ampourea-like bottles, for about 12s. Drink a vermouth as your apéritif and Marsala or one of the sweet muscat wines at the end of the meal unless you feel a need for Fernet Branca—possibly the finest digestive in the world—if you can't drink it at all.



GREECE

Retsina, the resinated wine, tastes too much like turps for many people, but it does go very well with the slightly spicy but delicately flavoured Greek food—eat before you drink. If you want something a little less aggressive, the dry white Samos or the red Bacchus will please and Mavrodaphne, the dessert wine, is perfect with all forms of Greek pastry and sweets. Most Greek wines cost under 10s. retail and are good partners for many Mediterranean-style dishes.

PLAYING SAFE

If you are having a fairly conventional sort of food, but want to be different as regards drinks, you could try: Wachauer Schluck, the dry white wine from Austria, finely fresh, about 10s., or, perhaps to compare the versatility of the Riesling grape, there are the really good hock type wines from South Africa and some from Australia, among which the Château Tahbilk hock type remains astonishing to me in quality for about 8s. Or, in the price range nearer 20s., you could try a red hock—there's one from Assmannshausen I have liked, which is no substitute for claret—or for hock, for that matter—but an agreeable wine with not too strongly seasoned foods.



PORTUGAL & SPAIN

You're likely to find more Spanish restaurants than Portuguese, but the Portuguese wines are of such a high standard that sometimes, it's worth interchanging the wines of the two countries. The "green wines" with their slight sparkle, go with fish or meat, the red and white Dão are both good general-purpose value at about 8s. The sweetish Grandjo, costs about the same. Spanish wines can be excellent value—but some are very harsh. There's a good red, Rioja Siete Hermanas Tinto, of Bodegas las Veras, for about 8s., a 1947 vintage one, Rioja Glorioso, Bodegas Palacio, costing around 12s., or the estate-bottled Monte Clavijo of Bodegas Santiago, in a clumpy square bottle about 16s. Of the whites, I like the Valdepeñas Blanco, Bodegas Morenito, which costs under 9s., and a vintage white only about a shilling dearer is Viña Shanti Blanco 1957, Bodegas Santiago. Otherwise many firms put their brand names before types of wines like Burgundy or Sauterne which are often good though not like the "real thing."



SWITZERLAND

Though I've enjoyed many Swiss wines in Switzerland, most of them seem rather frail to stand up to our soggy atmosphere. But with plainish, rather lightly flavoured food they make a refreshing change. Dôle is the red one most often found in Britain and the two whites that I find most to my taste are Johannisberg, made from the great Riesling grape, and Neuchâtel, when it is really good. Cost—around 12s., more, of course, if Swiss bottled.



THE ROYAL BALLET COMES TO TOWN

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Nottingham was one of ten provincial centres in which the company did a one-week stand on its current tour. Autograph hunters stayed up late (below) to catch sylphides like (left) Phyllis Spira. J. Roger Baker sets the scene—Michael Peto took the photographs

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SUNDAY is a day that hardly exists in any practical sense for a touring ballet dancer. "Our week begins on Monday and ends on Saturday," said Alexander Bennett, one of the leading dancers in the section of the Royal Ballet now touring the country. Sunday is spent eating sandwiches in trains between provincial towns or travelling to London for a brief snatch of civilization. It ruptures the week-end. From the end of the Saturday night performance the dancers are free, but by lunchtime on Monday they must be assembled in the next town on the touring schedule.

Caught up with the Royal Ballet towards the end of their one-week stand in Nottingham (after Leeds, before Norwich). Most people are able to work under conditions that never substantially change. These dancers, however, must adapt themselves to a completely fresh set of circumstances each Monday. Not only to a new city and unfamiliar living quarters, but—most important of all—to another theatre, the working arena itself where, each evening, audiences expect to see reproduced the glitter and high standards of the Royal Opera House.

That the artists are rarely satisfied with the shows they give on tour is more than the acute self-criticism of artistic integrity. Lynn Seymour, one of the Royal Ballet's most promising ballerinas, has had three years' experience of touring. "Each theatre is quite different," she pointed out. "The construction of the stage and particularly the lighting have a terrific effect on the dancing. And so do the audiences. A provincial audience projects a quite different

atmosphere from a London one, and sometimes it is disconcerting."

On the stage of the Nottingham Theatre Royal, I watched Shirley Grahame rehearse the second act *pas de deux* from *Swan Lake* with Desmond Doyle. The unusually steep ramp caused a number of technical problems (mainly when it came to supporting the ballerina in a pirouette). An hour or so of rehearsal smoothed out this difficulty that would hardly have occurred on a stage with which the dancers were familiar. Provincial stages are invariably smaller than that of Covent Garden—as a tennis court is to a football pitch. Classical, three-act ballets are virtually *de rigueur* on tour, but the spectacular production of *The Sleeping Beauty* (which was actually seen for the first time in Nottingham three years ago) has to be trimmed about the edges simply to get it on the stage.

The ballet dancer on tour must be something of a chameleon and be able to work in varying surroundings. The everyday essential activities of a company—classes, rehearsal, preparation of fresh works—have to be fitted in to whatever suitable space the town can provide. In Nottingham, classes are held in the unlikely surroundings of the Scouts' Hall, still tingling with atmosphere from the last sale of work. Lacking the facilities of a properly equipped ballet classroom the dancers hang on to a movable wooden structure that the company carries round with it. Hardly large enough to accommodate all the *corps de ballet* as they went through their practice routines, some grasped the piano top, others a chair; one girl held on to a door knob. In

Nottingham, Christopher Gable was being prepared for a later showing of *Blood Wedding*, a dramatic ballet not seen for a couple of years. Quite soon the unfamiliar surroundings, the strange piano (played by the accompanist Ashley Lawrence) and the dusty discomfort, were obviously forgotten as the ballet mistress Lorna Mossford and assistant director John Field became absorbed in the problems of remembering a half-forgotten ballet. The stage of the theatre is used for rehearsal as well—perhaps with the ballet master Henry Legerton—where the current repertory is fitted to the stage. Many young dancers get their first opportunity to dance solos on tour. After the show, and perhaps a hunt for a coffee bar (usually hidden in the strangest places), the dancers droop back to their temporary homes. The tradition of theatrical digs is dying out in the provinces (perhaps as the theatres themselves are disappearing), and an increasing number of dancers prefer to stay in private hotels. As Lynn Seymour said: "It's more impersonal. When you get in after the show there is no sort of obligation to stay up and make conversation. You are left alone, which I prefer." Others still go into digs, leaving it until the day they arrive, or doing a bit of preliminary scouting should time allow it. Two or three dig together, maintaining their own social unit, perhaps the only permanency on the tour.

Spare time is something a dancer hardly knows about. Up to eight hours a day is taken with rehearsal and classes; then comes the evening performance. An occa-





Members of the corps de ballet arrive at the Midland Station in Nottingham, search for a map of the city



Lynn Seymour and Colin Jones ask the way from a newspaper seller in Nottingham's Old Market Square

sional free afternoon might be spent at the cinema, but is more likely to be occupied with personal chores. Some manage to combine a personal hobby with their dancing. Colin Jones is an enthusiastic photographer who uses classes he is not involved in as subjects for his camera; Donald Britton makes model boats; Lynn Seymour likes to see beauty spots.

Nothing remains fixed for long. After the last performance of a particular ballet (it might be mid-week) all its scenery and costumes are removed to the next town. And on Saturday evening dancers who might have completed their roles half-way through the evening begin to make dashes for trains. If the town in which they are appearing is not too far flung from London, some of the company like to catch a late train (it's usually slow) back to town to spend Sunday there. "We have fun on the train," said Colin Jones, "no one goes to sleep. We talk, eat, smoke." Robert Mead (a leading dancer) always tries to get home on Sunday where he likes to contrast the physical labour of ballet with the physical labour of gardening or brick-laying. Alexander Bennett preferred to stay overnight in Nottingham and travel straight to Norwich the next day. By midnight Saturday the theatre dressing rooms empty. But on Monday the company of 50 dancers, plus teachers and musicians, not to mention tons of scenery and costumes, is assembled in the next town on the touring list. "Touring is such a strange life," said Lynn Seymour. "I've been doing it for so long I am used to it. But there does come a time when one wonders if it is in fact the proper one, and the times when I am based in London seem odd."





Rehearsals are held where space is available. Phyllis Spira uses a table for resting. Propped against the wall, the movable 'barre'



The men's class, held in the Nottingham Scouts' Hall. Centre, Johaar Mosaval, behind him, Alexander Bennett



Shirley Grahame and Desmond Doyle rehearse Swan Lake on the unfamiliar stage. Accompanying, assistant conductor Jan Cervenka. Left: Lynn Seymour at rehearsal, and (left in the picture below) taking part in one of the performances





Saturday morning: The scenery from the previous evening's ballet is moved out to the next town, here, sets for *Les Rendezvous*



Saturday night: After the final performance, Donald Britton and Alexander Bennett sign last-minute autographs in their dressing room

Sunday morning: Catching the 9.55 to London, Christopher Gable and his wife Carole Needham, Ian Hamilton, Alan Alder and Phyllis Spira



Last rites at Camla

Lord Kilbracken

ALMOST everyone in Ireland who knows a *jardinière* from a bombe-shaped commode—all fifty of them—must have been at Camla the other day for the sale at Lord Rossmore's beautiful home in the green depths of County Monaghan. Another 300, of whom I was one, went along to see the fun and to make an occasional bid. Monaghan, need I say, is one of the three Ulster counties which did *not* stay British in 1922, and Camla itself is just about within gunshot of the border. It is a large and lovely Georgian house of curious design, and it has been the home of the Westenra family ever since it was built. But Paddy Rossmore, its present head, having agonisingly vacillated since his father's death between staying or going, had at last decided some months ago in favour of departure; he had already sold, for £30,000, the house itself and some 800 acres of land surrounding it, and would only be retaining a gatehouse as a sheet anchor in Ireland. And now the contents of the house were on the point of being sold, apart from those few special items, including most of the silver, which he wished to retain for the gatehouse.

Camla is some 40 miles from Killegar, and it takes me little more than an hour to drive over. A dispersal of any kind is always tinged with melancholy; and as I made my way through the bogland and rushy fields of those marginal counties for the first day of the two-day sale, I couldn't help thinking of the happier days when Camla was a going concern—and going full speed ahead (or so it seemed). Paddy's father, Willy, besides being a man of extraordinary wit and charm, and great geniality, was also a skilled and practical farmer, enterprising and enlightened, who at any rate appeared to have built up his estates into an economic proposition. Apart from orthodox farming, he developed some unusual sidelines: for example, he grew acres of raspberries (unheard of in County Monaghan), and made summer houses on a commercial scale in his own saw mills from his own timber, and he held in his own yards the very first sales of attested cattle in the Republic.

He was also a marvellous host. The first time I went to Camla, in a large party from Luggala, we arrived in the Rolls for lunch almost three hours late, having got hopelessly lost several times *en route*. We had our apologies ready but we should have known in advance that Willy Rossmore had long since become impregnated with that pure spirit of timelessness which does much to make life tolerable in Ireland; we sat down to a magnificent repast at a quarter to four without comment, and it was crowned at half-past five (or thereabouts) by the appearance of what our host assured us was *Napoleonic poteen*—in a vast unlabelled bottle which must once have held over a gallon. It may not have really been Napoleonic, but it *was* superlative.

But now, for half-a-mile along the main road, the cars and lorries of the dealers were parked outside the

gates, waiting to whisk the heart of Camla away to the salerooms (I suppose) of Dublin and London. I can never attend an occasion of this kind without suffering a bad nightmare that the same is happening at Killegar: the dealers in the drawing-room, the lot numbers pasted on the family portraits, the hammer falling on one loved object after another till only the shell of the house remains. I don't think I could stomach it. At Camla, I found, the nightmare was highly organized (though in rather a disordered way) but still had its dreamlike quality. A great white marquee, on which the rain fell pitilessly, had been set up on the lawn, with plenty of room for everyone to sit and bid in comfort. Small items which could easily be carried, like pictures and china, were brought into the marquee by steady relays of workmen, but the furniture had to be viewed in the house itself and bought separately, *in absentia*, in the marquee.

There were 659 lots to sell in two days—starting with Two Wood Flower Tubs, which went for a fiver, ending with R. Wood's *Ruins of Palmyra and Balbec*, 1827, which I didn't stay to see sold. In between came an extraordinary alternation of fine 18th-century furniture with bits and pieces from the pantry, of rare and beautiful antiques with remnants from the harness room. A small pair of ormolu two-branch candelabra, which went (to my amazement) for £490, would be closely followed by a cardboard box of fishing tackle at thirty bob. A grandfather clock was knocked down for three quid, but then a pair of small oil paintings, *Venetian Canal Scenes*, anonymous and certainly not even "school of" Canaletto, fetched £325; and a pair of marquetry circular tables, diameter 20 inches, on square tapering legs, made a couple of hundred. Two 17th-century high-back hall chairs went for a fiver before I could say *six*, but as soon as I put in a bid (at £20) for an Irish Chippendale mirror, the dealers got going and it was knocked down for £130. A pair of Richly Cut Glass Chandeliers (to quote from the catalogue) went for £310, and a rumour at once circulated that they were worth three times that figure. (But how much was the rumour worth?) A rather ugly 18th-century Dutch marquetry commode was sold after keen bidding for £200, but the enormous grand piano was greeted with hoots of laughter from the dealers and only fetched a fiver. (I already have a piano.)

We adjourned for half-an-hour for a picnic lunch in the kitchen—outside the rain fell steadily—and then returned to the fray, fortified by cheese-&-chutney sandwiches, fruit cake, hard-boiled eggs, coffee, and liberal shots of whisky. Lot 197: A Pair of Dresden China Candlesticks. Lot 225: A Brass Bedstead. Lot 255: A Carved Oak 3-Tier Waiter. Lot 261: A Brass Barrel Muzzle Loading Musket, with Spring Bayonet, by Piper. I waited till the musket, and five similar ones, had gone—for £30 each. And then I headed home as the rain ended, home to Killegar; grateful to realize that it was—somehow—still intact.



GOLDEN GIRL



For a honeymoon
abroad or summer
vacation—a clothes
plan to follow
on the holiday
of a lifetime



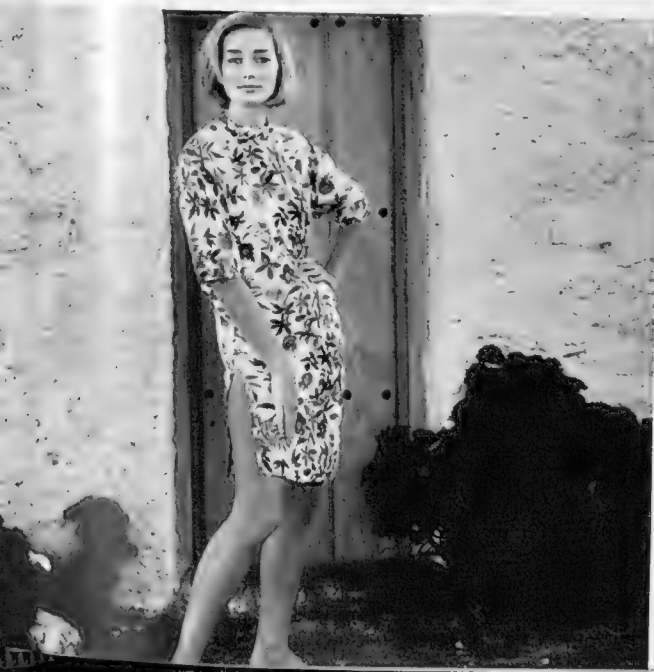
Above: Teeny-weeny polka-dot bikini, the top squared off with a band of navy. Navy spotted cowboy pants partner the red spotted bikini. Set, 9 gns.: Jaeger, Regent Street & other branches

By Elizabeth Dickson: Photographed in Malaga by Desmond Russell

Above left: Striped bikini for suntrap seclusion. In jet black jersey, scarlet striped. The 61 Shop: 9 gns.



Monastic beachcoat slit at the sides and cut to the knee. In blue raffia and white towelling with more towelling for the lining. Liberty: 19 gns.



Breakfast coffee or late lunch picnic shift in sugar pink towelling, spiced with candy ribbons and broderie anglaise. Angela Gore at Marshall & Snelgrove, London; Kendal Milne, Manchester; Joshua Taylor of Cambridge.

Mandarin lotus-eater tunic at ease on the beach or patio in a delicate hothouse print. From Liberty in their own pure silk: 8½ gns.





Rajah tunic in sumptuous lilac Thailand silk worn over amusing bell-bottoms and sashed in same silk. Fringed sash reverses to dashing cyclamen pink. Oriane at Liberty.

Left: Not *de rigueur* for Spain, but essential vacation kit—the pants and top matchmates. Beige linen trews with fringed tunic in sand and brown stripes. Emcar Casuals at Woollands 21 Shop, Knightsbridge; Copland & Lye, Glasgow; Hammonds of Hull. 6 gns.

Far left: Jersey dress cued to cowboy cut. Flared turquoise skirt is belted low, the top in bold stripes of turquoise and cool white. Susan Small at Fenwick; La Boutique, Uxbridge; Darlings, Edinburgh: 10½ gns. Chiffon hood by Ascher.



Geared to simplify the change-on-beach problems, a deliciously pretty muu-muu in cotton splashed with bright tropical flowers. Sold with matching swimsuit, or alone, from The 61 Shop, Park Lane: 9 gns.

COUNTER SPY TAKES A TEA BREAK



White Porcelaine de Paris kettle plus pretty flowers and a leather handle, £7 10s. from Liberty. It stands on one of Twining's tea crates which can be filled with any of their 15 varieties in sizes up to 5 lbs. Delicious choice: Russian Caravan tea, Earl Grey or perhaps the tarry Lapsang Souchong. Directly underneath is a smart version of the workman's enamel pot—here it's in shiny good looking blue from Finland, £1 18s. 6d. at Liberty. Three teapots from a Teapot Exhibition currently running at the Craftsmen Potters Shop in Lowndes Court. The raffia handled one is in coffee bean brown pottery by Green Dene, £2 7s. 6d., and the creamy stoneware one with the tall built-in handle is by Pam Gardner, 2 gns. Diana Myer's blue stoneware miniature teapot costs £1.

In front of the crowd is Arabia's new shape in whitest earthenware (also made in a bracken brown), 22s. 9d. at Finnish Designs, Norris Street; Godfrey May, Brighton; Argosy, Tenterden; Scurfields, Cambridge. Looming to the left is a teapot with a pattern taken from an engraving which is over 160 years old. Spode's blue & white Italian design is made in around 100 different pieces, 50 of these are readily available in shops, the rest to order. Selfridges: £4 10s. 3d. The 3-lb. crate in front comes straight from Ceylon where it is filled with tea: from the tea specialists, Whittards in Fulham Road where they blend tea to taste. Whittards have regular postal orders from customers who have acquired a taste for this or that tea. Like the handsome purple tin of Earl Grey alongside which is a slightly scented blend of China, flowery Orange Pekoe and finest Darjeeling. Whittards also have those tea-like mixtures that our grandmothers used to bring out the flavour of tea. One is ominously called Gunpowder but a dash of it does seem to improve the taste.

PRISCILLA CONRAN

ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

VERDICTS

FILMS

Elspeth Grant

WALTZ OF THE TOREADORS DIRECTOR JOHN GUILLERMIN (PETER SELLERS, DANY ROBIN, JOHN FRASER, MARGARET LEIGHTON, CYRIL CUSACK) **SUMMER & SMOKE** DIRECTOR PETER GLENVILLE (GERALDINE PAGE, LAURENCE HARVEY, RITA MORENO, PAMELA TIFFIN) **CARRY ON CRUISING** DIRECTOR GERALD THOMAS (SIDNEY JAMES, KENNETH CONNOR, KENNETH WILLIAMS, LIZ FRASER)

Wasp into bumble-bee

MR. WOLF MANKOWITZ HAS ADAPTED M. JEAN Anouilh's *Waltz Of The Toreadors* for the screen and must share with the director, Mr. John Guillermin, the blame for having turned a wispy, waspish farce into an odd mixture of slapstick, whimsy, high comedy and domestic drama. The piece no longer simply says, in the Gallic playwright's deadpan manner, "Lord, what fools these mortals be!" It insists, too, upon the fun to be extracted from the cussedness of *things*—the back-firing horseless carriage and the collapsing balcony, which are surely rather old hat but still, perhaps, good for an easy laugh—and then, disconcertingly changing its tone, it dwells painfully on the bitterness of two people trapped in loveless wedlock. One just doesn't know where one *is* with it.

Mr. Peter Sellers gives a superbly stylish comedy performance as an amorous old General and Mlle. Dany Robin is quite delicious as the romantic love of his life whom, owing to continual distractions during their 17-year-long liaison, he has failed to make definitively his mistress. They and Mr. John Fraser, as the young cavalryman who eventually steals the pretty little puss from the outraged Mr. Sellers, are delightfully absurd creations—but Miss Margaret Leighton, as the General's ageing invalid wife, is a figure of tragedy.

You can (and Mr. Guillermin does) put Miss Leighton, in her nightgown, on a bicycle and involve her with the local hunt as she rides dementedly towards a level-crossing to throw herself under a train that has already gone—but this does not make her laughable. As far as I am concerned, it only suggests that we are credited (discredited?) with the sort of sense of humour that in the good old days took hordes of jolly people to Bedlam to jeer at the lunatics.



It's true that a great many of my neighbours seemed to regard the bicycle episode as wildly entertaining, but even they were a trifle stunned by a couple of cruel encounters between the General and his wife, in which each reveals a deadly and deep-rooted hatred for and a fierce desire to wound the other. These scenes are played with a ghastly vindictiveness which made them, for me, positively distressing.

Mr. Cyril Cusack contributes an engagingly sly study of the family doctor, the General's unflappable friend, who knows precisely how to deflate the old boy, and Miss Vanda Godsell is splendid as a buxom dressmaker ever-ready for a romp with the gentry. The settings and costumes are charming—and providing you are not, as I'm afraid I was, unnerved by the ferocious rancour lying at the heart of the film, you may find the whole thing eminently agree-

able. Mr. Sellers's magnificent performance is certainly worth seeing.

I am rather tired of Mr. Tennessee Williams and in *Summer & Smoke* he seems to be a little tired of himself: despite Mr. Peter Glenville's sensitive direction, there is something a trifle jaded about this story of misery in a small Mississippi town. Miss Geraldine Page is heart-rending as a gentle, high-minded, fluttering spinster, in love—hopelessly, of course, as we know our Mr. Williams—with the handsome young doctor, Mr. Laurence Harvey, who lives next door.

What with a deranged mother (Miss Una Merkel), a stern preacher (Mr. Malcolm Atterbury) for a father, and all the dice heavily loaded against her by the author, Miss Page has enough to bear without being twitted by Mr. Harvey—who throws her frustration in her face at every



opportunity and regards her shocked reaction to the hideous sport of cock-fighting as evidence that she is afraid to face up to the physical side of life.

While carrying on a lusty affair with man-eating Miss Rita Moreno, who suffers from no such silly inhibitions, Mr. Harvey still takes sufficient interest in Miss Page to make a pass at her—and this so disturbs the poor thing that one instantly foresees the disaster that will inevitably overtake her. Sure enough, by the time she has found the courage to offer Mr. Harvey her body he has come to the realization that it is her mind only that appeals to him.

Having made this clear to her, and announced his forthcoming marriage to another (the enchanting Miss Pamela Tiffin), Mr. Harvey thoughtfully provides Miss Page with a prescription for some sedative tablets. As she is taking

her medicine beside a public drinking fountain, along comes a brash but bored commercial traveller, looking for a pick-up—and (shades of Mrs. Stone and her Roman Spring) humiliation prompts Miss Page to plunge gratefully into utter degradation. Mr. Williams sure does enjoy giving his women hell!

There never has been much continuity in the *Carry On* films—and there is none at all in the latest, *Carry On Cruising*. Over-excited, perhaps, at shooting in colour for the first time (and the colour is very bright and pleasing) the writer-producer-director team of Messrs. Norman Hudis, Peter Rogers and Gerald Thomas has decided we'll find it good enough if they simply serve up a jolly jumble of slapstick-situations aboard a ship on a Mediterranean cruise. I don't think it *is* good enough—but there: one must not be too critical of a series which has given so

Mischief brewing in the gossip & defamation class of The School For Scandal, John Gielgud's controversial production at the Haymarket. Despite its blaze of stars, it has by no means pleased the critics, who detect a lack of style. Shown here are Margaret Rutherford (Mrs. Candour), Anna Massey (Lady Teazle), Charles Lloyd Pack (Crabtree), Peter Barkworth (Sir Benjamin Backbite), & Meriel Forbes (Lady Sneerwell). Photograph: Alex Low

much innocent pleasure to so many. Their fans will be happy to know that Messrs. Sidney James, Kenneth Connor and Kenneth Williams are still expertly clowning around—and that Miss Liz Fraser, still the dearest of dumb blondes, decorates the picture with her bewitching presence.

RECORDS

Gerald Lascelles

A RARE BATCH OF SATCH BY LOUIS ARMSTRONG
LOUIS ARMSTRONG & DUKE ELLINGTON; JAZZ BEGINS BY THE YOUNG TUXEDO BRASS BAND
CARNEGIE HALL CONCERT BY BILLIE HOLIDAY
IN SWEDEN 1950 BY CHARLIE PARKER **THE ESSENTIAL CHARLIE PARKER**

0 rare Satch Armstrong

I HAVE OFTEN EXTOLLED THE VIRTUES OF THE jazz giants, but all too rarely do they visit our shores. Top giant Louis Armstrong's return at the end of this month, after more than two years' absence, should be an occasion of great jubilation for jazz fans throughout the country. His All Stars include Trummy Young on trombone, and Billy Kyle at the piano. When they open at London's Royal Festival Hall next Saturday, 28 April, there will be one important new face in their ranks—clarinetist Joe Darensbourg, who replaces Barney Bigard. As a veteran of many New Orleans bands, and as a leader of a successful group on the West Coast during the 50's, Joe is remarkably modest about his own talent, but admits that he is the best amateur cook in the world!

The Satchmo touch can be heard on two recent releases. From the 30's comes **A Rare Batch of Satch** (RCA RD27230), featuring him in front of medium or big bands of varying calibre. In those days Louis, already a star, did not have the experience to whip his accompanists into shape, as you will hear, but the general level of performance, and certainly his own contributions, make this a worthwhile investment for collectors. The second album stems from his collaboration with Ellington in the film **Paris Blues** in 1961. As friends of long standing they decided to get together in the

studio for the first time in their 40 year careers, so Duke sat in on piano with the All Stars (SCX 3430). The music is scintillating, with the accent on Duke's compositions. His versatile piano is well featured, backing superb Armstrong solos and vocals. Bigard, then playing clarinet with the group, also celebrated a reunion, as he left Ellington in 1942.

Here I must mention a strange album, **Jazz Begins** (SAH-K6202), performed by the Young Tuxedo Brass Band, because it reminds me of Satchmo's early background as a musician. It also shatters me by its sheer primitive approach to the art of making music. There is hardly a moment when the whole band is in tune, and the harmony is so rudimentary that it is almost laughable, if I did not know that it was played in all seriousness. If this is the best the pundits can find in New Orleans, it is time they looked elsewhere, since it is obvious that the giants have departed.

One of the most tragic giants of our lifetime was Billie Holiday. Her contribution to vocal jazz is second only to Bessie Smith's, and we are fortunate that her last Carnegie Hall concert, in 1956, was recorded for posterity. She died less than three years later, defeated by life and by the very art which she had sought to create. **The Essential Billie Holiday** (CLP 1541), although below average in recording quality, stands as a shining example of a great artist, inspired by her audience and her accompanists to turn out one of her finest performances.

Another giant who foreshortened his brilliant career was altoist Charlie Parker. It is unfortunate that Storyville's limited edition of **Charlie Parker in Sweden 1950** (SLP 27) should be so poorly recorded, because his is a voice which ranks second only to Armstrong's in terms of solo jazz advancement. The supporting group fails to do justice to "Bird," as he was always known affectionately. **The Essential**



ERICH AUERBACH

Louis Armstrong, who starts a visit to Britain at the Royal Festival Hall on Saturday

Charlie Parker (CLP 1538), comprising some of his very best tracks for Verve label in America goes to the other extreme. So essential is this album, where he appears with Monk, David Roach, and various jam session groups, that I used it to illustrate a lecture a few weeks ago.

GALLERIES

Robert Wraight

THE STANLEY SPENCER MEMORIAL GALLERY
COOKHAM BERKS

The man who liked visitors

MY JOURNEY TO COOKHAM, TO SEE THE NEWLY opened Stanley Spencer Gallery that is a vital memorial to the strange and wonderful artist who lived nearly all his life in the village, was a sentimental one. I remembered vividly the day when, as a teenage art student, I knocked nervously on his door for the first time. I was a total stranger to him, but he invited me in, talked to me as if I were an old friend for two hours, and then sent me away elated without even having asked my name. I remembered, too, the second time I called on him, again uninvited and still a stranger, for it was more than 20 years later. He brushed aside my

apologies for interrupting his work. "I like visitors," he said. "Sometimes I even come down and open the door when there's nobody here, just in case there is."

And I remembered the last time I visited him. It was August Bank Holiday, 1959, a few months before he died. The village was packed with day-trippers. I was one myself, but I found refuge from the rest of them in Spencer's home. Only a short time before he had moved back into the house in which he was born, and it was newly decorated throughout, but in almost every room huge canvases were tacked, with hundreds of tints, to the walls.

To work on these canvases he perched himself precariously on a high stool on top of a rickety trestle table. This was the way he painted the unfinished, 18 ft. by 7 ft., masterpiece *Christ Preaching At Cookham Regatta*, which is the principal work in the gallery. He was working on it while I was there but I knew then that it would never be finished, for he was a very sick man. But he did not know, or else he refused

to admit it. He showed me a stack of hundreds of drawings done on tissue paper as studies for future paintings.

"There's enough there to keep me going for another 150 years," he said. But he had not even 150 days to live.

The little gallery has been established, appropriately, in the one-time Wesleyan Chapel in which he attended Sunday school as a boy and where, no doubt, were sown in him the seeds that grew into his unique vision of the Bible story.

Through the devoted efforts of his friends, headed by Viscount Astor, the grey little chapel has been converted into as bright a little art gallery as you (or the artist) could wish for. It will be open each year from April to September (admission 2s. for adults, 1s. for children and students) and is certain to be a popular target. What was originally a great problem for the founders—finding pictures to fill the gallery—has, in the event, proved a virtue. For apart from six, among them the *Christ Preaching*, the

works are only on short-term loan and will be changed each season.

A glass case contains some of the artist's paraphernalia—uncleaned palettes, spectacles, brushes, &c.—and tokens of the honours that came to him belatedly—C.B.E., K.B.E., D.Litt. of Southampton University. In a corner stands the battered old pram in which he used to wheel his painting equipment when going on a job in the village or the nearby countryside. Dominating one end of the room is "his first masterpiece," *Elizabeth & Zacharias*, painted in 1912. It is an extraordinarily moving picture that marks the beginning of the period of his greatest works, works in which a tremendous power of expression is achieved by a Giottoesque simplicity and directness. There are also, here, two smaller paintings, *Christ Overturning The Money Changers' Table* and *St. Veronica Unmasking Christ*, both dated 1921, one of the peak years of this period. Undoubtedly he lost, or threw away, much of this power in later years when he became preoccupied with detail and decoration. A comparison between the *Money Changers* picture and *The Dustbin*, Cookham, 1956, in which the design of the figure of Christ overturning the table and that of the figure of the girl lifting the dustbin lid are virtually the same, will indicate just how much could be lost.

EDICTS correspondents Anthony Cookman (*Theatre*) and Siriol Hugh-Jones (*Books*) are both away, but will resume their weekly columns shortly



"Knowing," by Stanley Spencer, from the series *Beatitudes of Love*. It is now at Cookham

DINING IN

Helen Burke

STEADY TRANSPORT MAKES NONSENSE OF "seasonal" foods. For example, asparagus from France, Africa and America has been in our greengrocers' shops since December. But I wait for our own which, being fresher, seems to me to have more flavour than any other. At the time of writing it is not certain that English asparagus will be in our shops before the second week of May, but I think it will, and that it will come in with a rush. If the weather is hot the season will be shorter than usual, so let us hope supplies will be plentiful. My only grumble against our own home-produced asparagus is the shortness of its season. I have been told by an authority that asparagus is not cut after Ascot week unless it is from an old bed which is to be taken up.

Because asparagus is grown in friable soil, there is always the likelihood of grit creeping behind the little scales at the tips. But this will be dislodged if the spears are washed under running water and then placed, tips down, in cold water. Cut the spears into uniform length and then let the asparagus be plain boiled and sauced with lovely fresh butter—not liquid, but very slightly warmed and beaten so that it is creamy and will just pour.

The boiling process needs some explanation. Those who think it worth while will do a

combined boiling and steaming job in a special asparagus pot. Cadec of Greek Street, W.1, has two of these, each 8 inches deep. One is 6 inches in diameter (35s. 6d.) and the other 7 inches (42s.). Each is fitted with a metal basket into which the asparagus is placed and then lowered into boiling salted water so that the tips remain above it. The lid is put on and the asparagus is cooked for 20 to 25 minutes. Remove and drain well. If the asparagus was of good quality in the first place, most of each spear will be edible with the tips just cooked instead of being soft, and perhaps broken, as can so easily happen. Failing this special pot, cook the asparagus flat, in a shallow wide pan. (The grill pan is ideal.) Incidentally, this special asparagus pot is also useful for cooking sprouting broccoli.

SAUCE MOUSSELINE is a perfect accompaniment. Its basis is Sauce Hollandaise which can itself be served with asparagus. Start with 2 eggs and a dessertspoon of water in a bowl. Stand this over, not touching, hot but not boiling water. Whip until the eggs thicken, never allowing them to become hot, for that would mean scrambled eggs. From 6 oz. butter, as soft as room temperature makes it, take 1½ oz. and add to the eggs in small pieces, whipping them in. When the mixture has thickened, add

About asparagus

another 1½ oz. of the butter and so on until all is used. Finish by adding a little lemon juice and salt. To convert this to Sauce Mouseline, add a tablespoon or so of whipped cream. Once you have done this, the sauce will become a favourite.

To serve the asparagus, well drain it and place it on a folded cloth or on an asparagus dish. Pass the sauce with it.

SAUCE MALTAISE is another variation of the Hollandaise sauce. Add to the latter 2 to 3 tablespoons of orange juice and about ½ teaspoon of the grated rind. Strictly speaking, blood oranges should be used—and these are obtainable—but ordinary oranges will do very well.

I like to cook twice as much asparagus as will be required for one meal so that, next day, there will be cold asparagus to be served with mayonnaise or Sauce Vinaigrette but, frankly, I prefer the plain oil and vinegar dressing—4 parts oil to 1 part vinegar or lemon juice with salt, pepper and a touch of English mustard very carefully blended into a drop or so of the oil and vinegar in the first place. Let the addition of the oil be so gradual that the lot comes together like an emulsified sauce—and that is how a well prepared oil and vinegar sauce should appear to be.



BARRY WERNER

GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

The point of no return for a woman happens anytime in the '40s when the beauty habits of a lifetime are on show for ever.

Skin won't flourish from a day in year out use of a heavy, tinted foundation, instead it will become open-pored and tired-looking. Try to use a light, moisturizing, tintless cream for everyday and when you do use a tinted base, don't rub it in, just smooth lightly on the skin. Always keep powder well away from the under eye area, that way you'll avoid lines. Be over-gentle with eye make-up removal and never leave mascara on overnight or it will smudge and resist removal. Whatever you use for your skin, do it regularly—one middle-aged skin I know looks good on nightly applications

of Boots sweet almond oil kept by the bedside and even smoothed on sleepily during the night.

The beauty people are well aware of the problems of the middle ages—the counters are stocked with every sort of cream and lotion. But it pays to bat around a bit in the beauty department, sampling various creams and keeping a built-in sales resistance to soft talk that might result in an expensive experiment. For the sake of speculation, the twelve products that an enthusiastic salesgirl might recommend can usually be whittled down to a useful six. Though twelve might be the ideal, the unideal woman doesn't want to spend hours in front of her mirror involved in nightly rites.

Mrs. Paul Innes, photographed above, lives in the country and likes to visit

Lancôme's salon in Grosvenor Street to fill in the gaps in her beauty routine and get first hand advice. Out of their wide range, she particularly likes and regularly uses Harmonie to protect and Nutrix to nourish her dry, fine skin. She uses Fond de Teint Souple foundation in Brise, with Magie scented powder on top—Rose de France lipstick. André Bernard cuts her hair into a short curving frame.

Cyclax Contorfilm is a new product that's fine for dry, middle-aged skins. It tones and braces and can be used under make-up, even around the sensitive eye area where it wakes up tired lids. This lemony cream with its whipped up texture is especially good in spring when the skin has suffered from central heating and chilly weather.

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MOTORING

Dudley Noble

Round France in a Renault

THE RÉGIE RENAULT IS SOMETHING THAT WOULD be unusual in our country—a nationalised industrial concern that is go-ahead and efficient. It is the largest manufacturer of cars in France and turned out nearly 350,000 of them during 1961, as well as 60-odd thousand commercial vehicles and agricultural tractors. Recently I was invited to go over and try out their latest model Floride, which for the past three years has been one of the most sought-after and prettiest small cars in the world. The Floride has been developed a stage further, but without changing the general lines of the bodywork. Renault wanted, however, to give the car a better performance and more inside room, and this they have achieved by introducing an altogether new engine with larger capacity than the 845 c.c. unit of 40 b.h.p. previously employed and re-siting the radiator. It was not just a matter of boring out the old cylinder block and fitting larger pistons, but of redesigning almost every part. Certainly to outward appearance the engine looks the same—it is still a 4-cylinder with about the same external dimensions—but is nevertheless larger in capacity—956 c.c.—and produces 20 per cent more power. Light alloy has been used for the cylinder head so there is no weight increase. The valve arrangement has been made more efficient and the compression ratio has been stepped up to 14 to 1; thus 51 b.h.p. is now obtained at 5,500 r.p.m. The crankshaft has been given five main bearings, which everybody acknowledges as being an assurance of smooth and steady operation, especially in a fairly high compression engine. Another new feature is the incorporation of a sealed cooling system so that topping up the radiator becomes a thing of the past. Fill it at the factory with coolant that will not freeze or boil, an expansion tank included in the system receives the overspill as the engine heats up and sends it back when it cools off and the liquid contracts. Quick warming up is ensured by a thermostat to short-circuit the radiator until proper working temperature has been attained. This also causes the interior heater to work more quickly in cold weather for the benefit of the car's occupants. Renaults are pioneers of this new sealed cooling system in the motoring field, and undoubtedly other manufacturers will have to follow suit, since by this means the principal advantage of an air-cooled engine is nullified.

My trial trip on the new Floride took me from Paris, where Renaults have a service depot near the Arc de Triomphe, to the châteaux country, via Chartres and Le Mans. Leaving the capital by the Autoroute de l'Ouest, on which the speedometer was most of the way hovering between the 130 and 140 kilometre per hour marks (80-87 m.p.h.), it was not long before I was on the N.10 road, somewhat cluttered here and there with lorries. At Chartres a switch to N.23 was made and on through Nogent-le-



Rotrou, after which the road opened up and became a sheer race track as far as the entrance to Le Mans, where I took time off for a run around the 24-Hour Race circuit. At several points the speedometer needle went off the dial at 150 k.p.h. (94 m.p.h.), and so I think that the makers' claim of an 85 m.p.h. top speed can be fully justified. On again to La Flèche and by N.138 to Saumur, that lovely old town on the banks of the Loire, famous for its military equestrian college. Turning west after crossing the river, a few more kilometres brought me to Chenêhuttes-les-Tuffeaux, where Renaults had set up a testing headquarters in the grounds of the delightful château now turned into a luxury hotel.

The following day saw me driving eastwards along the south bank of the Loire, intent on seeing over the ancient abbey at Fontevault, where Richard Coeur de Lion lies buried. This wonderful building is now part of a state prison and at various points a warder has to open steel doors on the visitor's tour of inspection—cheap at twice the 25 centimes officially charged by the guide. On then to lunch at the Château d'Artigny, close to Montbazou, where M. Coty of perfume fame erected a real iced cake of a castle which has followed so many other such buildings into the realm of the hotelier. This one serves most admirably those who can afford to pay *de luxe* prices. Back, then, to Paris by way of Tours, Chartres and the autoroute—where a nasty shock awaited me. Here, on this magnificent three-lane motorway, a queue of traffic stretched into the distance as the end of it was approached, and from the time I entered the tunnel which takes the road into St. Cloud one solid hour elapsed before I reached the Arc de Triomphe. Admittedly this was a Sunday afternoon, but in March! What traffic conditions will be in the spring and summer I shudder to think. I do advise those who are going abroad with their cars this year to schedule themselves so that they avoid large towns at the weekend.

And my opinion of the new Floride? A desirable car, more potent than its predecessor and a joy to drive. Tax inclusive prices: Convertible, £1,168 7s. 9d. Fixed head coupé, £1,231 12s. 9d.

The new Renault Floride, the Caravelle fixed head coupé, photographed at Chênehutte, France

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GOING PLACES TO EAT

continued

For those wanting "a cut off the joint"—saddle of mutton, roast ribs of beef, or a nice piece of pork, **Simpsons in the Strand** remains one of the best bets, though I wish they would give the same dedicated care to their vegetables as they do to the meat. Their cheeses are, of course, of high quality, and on reflection your bill represents jolly good value if you are really hungry.

The "carve-for-yourself" experiment started in the **Carvery** at the Regent Palace Hotel has proved an outstanding success, and I hope it has helped some husbands to reassert their proper authority in their own homes. When my maternal grandfather carved the Sunday joint, all at table had to stand until he had completed his task. You can carve for yourself in the **Guinea & the Piggy** restaurant in the Poor Millionaire in Bishopsgate, and at the one in Leicester Square. Incidentally, the Bishopsgate establishment is now open at night. The cut from the joint in the **Seven Stars** in the Coventry Street Corner House is one of the best value-for-money meals in London.

The Edwardian and Victorian

Great Newport Street, the **Balkan Grill** in Baker Street, the **Vine**, off Piccadilly, the **Pier Hotel** in Cheyne Walk with its fine view over the river, and the **Shorthorn** in Chelsea Cloisters, where, as at **Massey's Chop House** in Beauchamp Place, particular care has been taken in choosing the red wines that marry well to fine meat. Chops and steaks of outstanding quality can always be found at the **Trocadero Grill** and the **Connaught Hotel**. **Henri's** in Maiden Lane is one of the latest restaurant's specialising in meat.

A newer development are the expanding groups of steak houses. There are now six **Angus Steak Houses**, in the Fulham Road, Dean Street and Wardour Street, Soho, Irving Street, Leicester Square, Buckingham Gate and Blandford Street. The **Peter Evans** group recently opened their fourth London establishment at Swiss Cottage. The others are in the Brompton Road, Kensington High Street, and Kingly Street. A third group are the **London Steak Houses**. There are two in Central London, in Baker Street and Kensington High Street, with others at Wimbledon and Brighton. The intention is to open some 50 of them in various parts of London



The newest Peter Evans steak house, at Swiss Cottage

chop house has come back in a really big way, and a list of them drawn up at the beginning of any month is pretty certain to be incomplete by the end of it. Among the older of them, and maintaining the high standards on which they opened, are the **Paramount Grill** in Irving Street, the **Black Angus** in

and the provinces. They have the advantage of being able to draw upon the famous Lyons cellars, and so offer high quality wines at attractive prices. With the prices of French wines soaring like Sputniks, wine lists within the reach of the ordinary non-expense

CONTINUED ON PAGE 252

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GOING PLACES TO EAT

continued

account diner-out are becoming a headache for the restaurant trade.

To turn from meat to fish, several names spring to mind—**Prunier**, **Sheekey's**, **Scott's**, **Garner's**, **Overton's**, **Wheeler's**, **Bentley's** and **Wilton's** in particular. The basis of Madame Simone Prunier's fish cooking is, naturally and properly, French and of a high order: two of her outstanding dishes are the *Fillet de Barbue du Prince* and *Turbot Jurassienne*. In contrast is Sheekey's, in St. Martin's Court off the Charing Cross Road. Founded in 1896, it specialises in oysters and boiled fish—the turbot is outstanding—but nothing fried. Go there if you want to discover how good cod can be.

There are now three **Overton's** establishments, opposite Victoria Station, in St. James's Street, and what was Hatchetts in Piccadilly, and here there is now piano music at night. They get their salmon from Montrose, and have a splendid white burgundy to go with it—a 1955 Meursault Louis Latour.

From the original **Wheeler's** in



Overton's restaurant in Piccadilly, formerly the old-established Hatchetts's

Old Compton Street there has developed a considerable organization. It includes the other **Wheeler's** in Duke of York Street, the **Braganza** and **Magnum Room** in Frith Street, **Antoine** in Charlotte Street, **Le Vendôme** in Dover Street and **La Carafe** in Lowndes Street. It should not be assumed that the **Wheeler** and **Overton** establishments serve fish to the exclusion of meat, any more than does **Prunier** or **Scott's**. Indeed, in this restaurant, where something of Edwardian London lives on, they will give you a carpet-bag steak, a prime cut stuffed with oysters. **Bentley's**, in their pleasant Swallow Street restaurant, concern themselves with fish only, as do **Wilton's**, the "establishment" oyster bar in King Street, St. James's. **Garner's** in Wardour Street concern themselves mainly with sea-food, but recently opened the **Steak & Chop House** at the top of the Haymarket. Finally, for fish-lovers, there is the **Contented Sole**, close to South Kensington Station, a creditable replica of an Edwardian fish parLOUR and serving, among other things, a pair of kippers or a nice piece of skate.

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HARLIP

Miss Armored Brandreth Ryves-Hopkins to Mr. Michael Allan Robinson: *She* is the daughter of the late Brig. B. H. Ryves-Hopkins and of Mrs. Ryves-Hopkins, of Scethrog House, Scethrog, Breconshire. *He* is the son of the late Mr. G. S. Robinson, and Mrs. A. J. Brock, of Bratton Lodge, Wincanton, Somerset

Weddings

Eaton-Smith: Margaret Louise, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. S. W. Eaton, of Luddesdown Court, Kent, was married to Capt. Henry Martin Lockhart Smith, son of Col. H. B. Lockhart Smith, M.C., and Mrs. Lockhart Smith, of Ellingham Hall, Suffolk, at Cobham Parish Church



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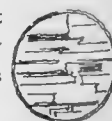
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Miss Diana Marjory Hall to Mr. Simon Langdale: *She* is the daughter of Mr. Roger Hall, M.V.O., and Mrs. Hall, of Glebe House, West Grinstead, Sussex. *He* is the son of Mr. & Mrs. Geoffrey Langdale, of Balneath Manor Cottage, South Chailey, Lewes, Sussex



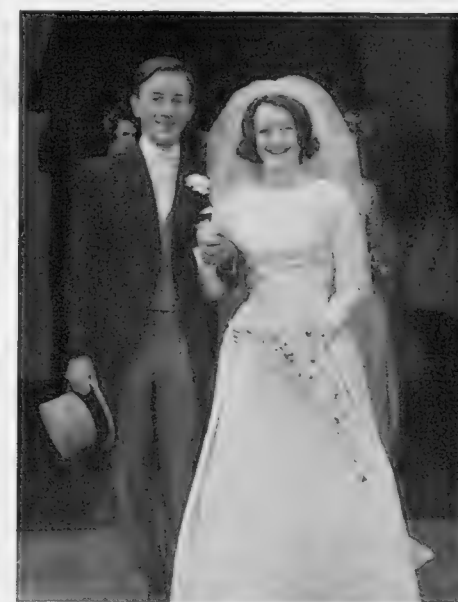
Miss Brigid Perceval-Maxwell to Mr. Aubrey David Walker: *She* is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. P. E. Perceval-Maxwell, of Headborough, Knockanore, Co. Waterford. *He* is the son of the late Mr. John Walker, J.P., and of Mrs. de Vere Walker, of St. Columb's, Moville, Co. Donegal



Still-Ussher: Rosemary Elizabeth, daughter of Brig. and Mrs. G. B. Still, of North Audley Street, W.1, was married to Capt. Arland Beverly Neville Ussher, son of the late Capt. Richard Ussher and of Mrs. Priscilla Ussher, of De Vere Gardens, W.8, at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton



Vaughan-Morgan-Wiggin: Julia, daughter of Sir John Vaughan-Morgan, Bt., M.P., and Lady Vaughan-Morgan, of Westminster Gardens, S.W.1, and Ashcroft, Outwood, Surrey, was married to Henry Walter, son of the late Col. Sir William and Lady Wiggin, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



Morgan-Sturt: Ann, daughter of Brig. & Mrs. C. L. Morgan, of Dedham, Essex, was married to Richard Harry, son of Mr. & Mrs. H. H. Sturt, of Wimborne, Dorset, at St. Mary's Church, Dedham



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COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

Albert Adair

The marquetry puzzle

AN OPPORTUNITY IN A LIFETIME NOW PRESENTS itself at the Victoria & Albert Museum for the student and collector, where the International Art Treasures Exhibition is being held. I seized this particular opportunity to compare the works of the 18th-century French marquetry worker and the English craftsmen of the same period for it is possible to study works by both as they stand side by side. I have deliberately chosen for my comparison a marquetry table created by the French craftsman Oeben which is not on show, but which in November, 1959, fetched the incredible record price of £35,700 at Christie's. A George III commode is the piece I have selected as representing the English School. The property of Messrs. M. Harris, of London, W.C.1, it is on show as Exhibit No. 107. Both are *pur sang* and taken as a whole they are well-set solid pieces of furniture in spite of being highly decorative. The workmanship in each case can be compared favourably one with another and yet a dilemma exists; why should English marquetry pieces have such a much lower value? I do not propose to commit myself about the merits of either piece of furniture, but am solely concerned with the vexing question of the enormous disparity between the cost of the

English commode and the French table as the commode is priced at less than half the table fetched at the auction.

I have questioned a number of Continental dealers on this subject and they are unanimous in their conclusions that French pieces of marquetry furniture on the Continent have a greater currency value than their English counterparts. In my opinion this is a material reason, though no doubt nowadays there are collectors who also adopt a similar attitude. I have picked on two exceptionally fine examples of the cabinet-maker's art specifically to underline my point, but time and again in the last few years I have noticed in salerooms that English marquetry does not command the same high prices French pieces do—and here I refer to pieces not of the quality of the two described above. I consider, therefore, that the high prices fetched for French marquetry furniture are just a phase, and while not wishing in any way to give the impression that I want to deprecate French craftsmanship, for which in fact I have much admiration, I would like to encourage the acquisition of English marquetry pieces; which, taken as a whole, are surely as fine as any foreign work.



Two views of the Oeben table showing (above) the lavishly decorated surface. Below right: A George III commode represents the English school of marquetry



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MAN'S WORLD

David Morton

Wind of change in Savile Row

THE BATTLE FORCES ARE BEING RALLIED IN THE streets round Savile Row. Scientists, designers, industrialists, public relations men—they're all moving into place for a final assault on the master tailors. And the banner they carry is made of synthetic fibre. The master tailors seem prepared to bow to the inevitable. They have carried on a love affair for a very long time with pure natural fibres—chiefly wool. And wool responded handsomely to their devotion, answering every demand they made, until the tailors' clients started to insist on featherweight cloths. Even now, some tailors maintain an ultra-conservative loyalty to wool. One young up-&-coming tailor answered my inquiry about synthetic fibre with a reproachful stiffness that would credit a nonagenarian cutter: "I *never* use *artificial* cloths."

I think he misused the word artificial; press releases on the subject refer to it assiduously as man-made fibre, but I prefer to call it synthetic fibre, because it is produced by synthesis. It's a young industry, and an exciting one. Research goes on all the time, and one day I suppose even a sheep farmer will have his last argument against synthetic fibre swept away by some exciting new development.

Until then, a happy compromise has been reached—blends. All the master tailors have acknowledged the advantages of a mixture of

natural and synthetic fibres in lightweight suits. The demand for these lighter clothes started in America, and it can't be pure coincidence that Americans also set great store by efficient central heating and air conditioning. Primarily, they favoured Terylene/worsted or Terylene/linen blends, followed by pure mohair, and 100 per cent synthetics of viscose and Courtelle—all subdued, even sombre, in tone and lacklustre in appearance. It took the sunny Italian climate to bring a luxury look to lightweight suitings.

The Italians chose to wear suitings of subtle richness, with the superb sheen of silk or the dramatic effect of slubbed shantung. (Embarrassing how one has to draw for comparisons on the qualities of natural fibres). They also learnt the drawbacks of pure natural fibres in the lightest of weights—how a pure silk or mohair suit requires constant valeting if it is going to look something more than a suit of pyjamas. But a blend of synthetic and natural fibre dispenses with daily pressing and the worry of fraying at cuffs and trouser bottoms.

New heating standards and the popularity of air travel have changed attitudes in this country, and the lightweights are now firmly established. A Terylene/fine worsted mixture is favoured, with Terylene/silk and Terylene/linen also in demand. Design preference lies

somewhere between American and Italian tastes; the colours are basically sombre—greys, blues and browns—but the weaves are interesting, often with a sheen being brought out. It's interesting to note the steady growth in popularity of the discreet use of deep colour, giving an overall effect of vibrant richness in impeccable taste.

The leading West End stores are following the same trend as Savile Row. They all report increasing sales in their blended lightweight suits, but their ranges are a little more flexible and one also finds the occasional weekend and town suit of medium weight which carries the label of a worsted and polyester fibre blend.

There seems little doubt now that synthetic fibres have taken their place alongside natural fibres. Next Tuesday the Queen Mother will open the second world congress of man-made fibres at the Albert Hall. Delegates from 50 countries will discuss the application of synthetic fibre to all fields, from fishing nets to fashion, from medicine to motor tyres. And in laboratories all over the world chemists are finding out more and more about synthetics. But it doesn't take a research wizard to know that natural *and* synthetic fibres both play an important role—especially when they are blended together—and that there is plenty of room for both of them. Even in Savile Row.



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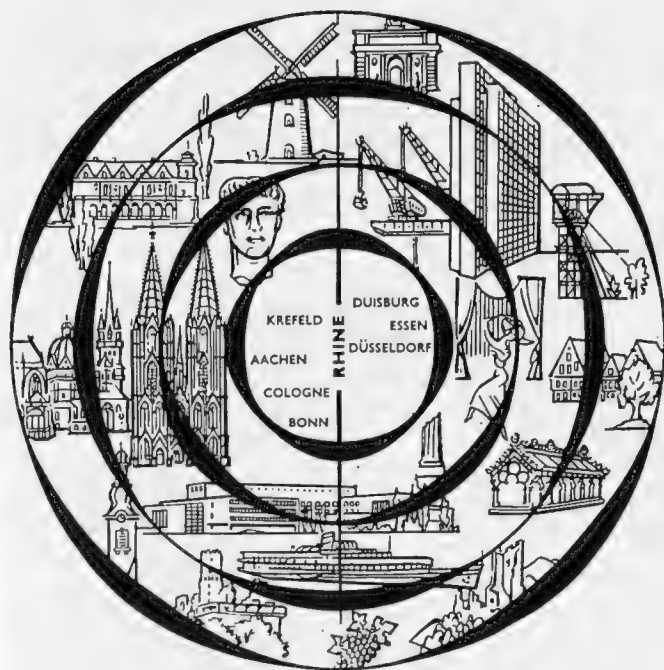
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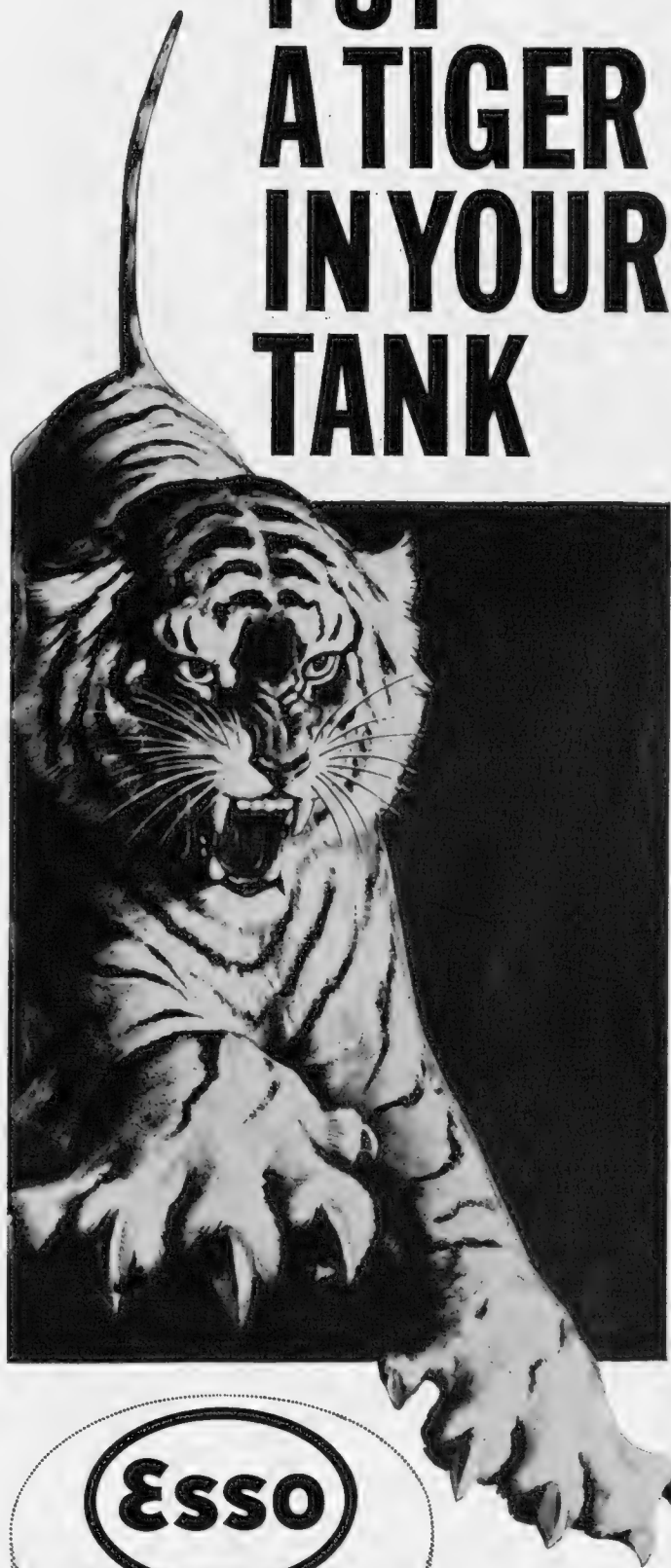
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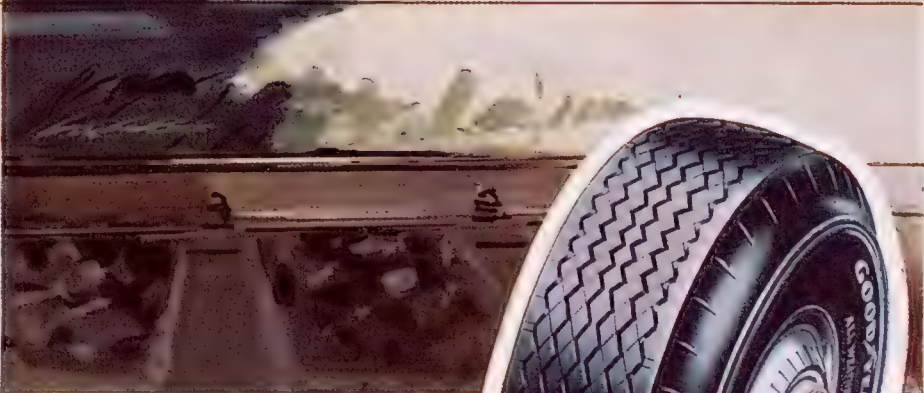
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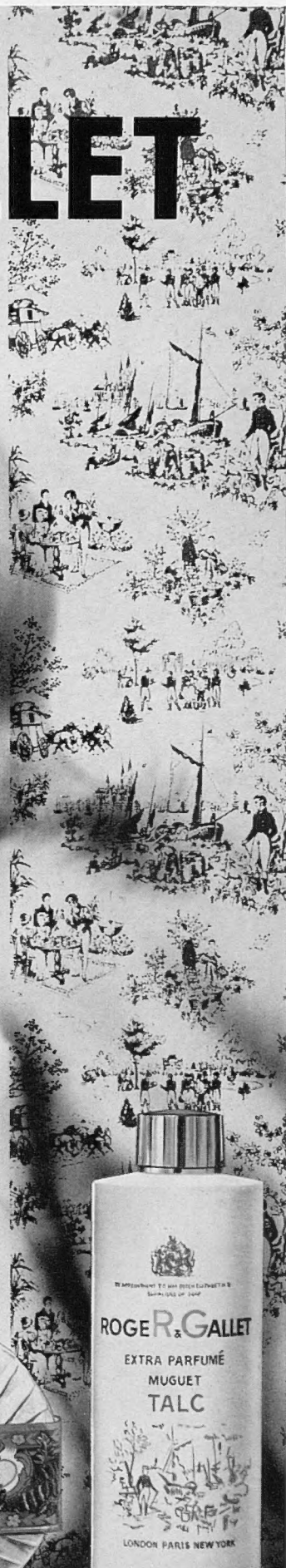


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ST. DUNSTAN'S

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BRITAIN AT ITS BEST



The Rowing Club at Maidenhead on the Thames

ROWING was a competitive sport when Virgil wrote the Aeneid and Ulysses visited the 'oar-loving' Phaeacians. But in modern times it was the gentle, green-flanked Thames that became the cradle of rowing for pleasure. The first race on record is that for Doggett's Coat and Badge in 1715 from London Bridge to Chelsea, and Dr. Johnson in a letter to Mrs. Thrale refers to a regatta at Vauxhall in 1775. 1829 saw the first 'boat race' and 1839 the first Henley Royal Regatta—now a sparkling social occasion and magnet to the world's crews. Certainly a more beautiful setting for it would be hard to find.

SENIOR SERVICE *Satisfy*

THE OUTSTANDING CIGARETTE OF THE DAY

